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THE

CLODPOLE PAPERS,

CONTAINING THE

INCIDENTS, ADVENTURES, WISE SAYINGS, SHREWD REMARKS,
PHILOSOPHICAL DISQUISITIONS, POLITICAL OPINIONS,
AND THEOLOGICAL LECTURES, OF

✓
CHRISTOPHER CLODPOLE, ESQ. FARMER, *brand.*

41
Go it "Dobbin" !!!

"Aut viam inveniam aut faciam."

BALTIMORE:

PARSONS & PRESTON, NO. 5 PRATT STREET.

1844.

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GO IT OLD DOBBIN!!!

“Bucephalus, equus Alexandri,” &c.

Which means in plain English that “Bucephalus, the horse of Alexander, would suffer no rider but his master.”

Every school boy remembers that sentence. Now for the Clodpole translation and commentary. Old Dobbin, the literary Bucephalus of the Author, allows no rider but his master, so stand back all ye musketo critics, quacks of the grey goose quill, (or duck’s quill,) literary goslings, and long-cared editors, or my steed may chance to trample you in the mud or snort you into nonentity.

Here comes my horse rearing and kicking, running and jumping, bare backed, head up, with ears erect and nostrils wide distended, going ahead like a stream of fire over the land ocean of prairies, flashing from his eyes and breathing from his mouth these words :

OLD CLODPOLE’S DEDICATION.

Says I to a whole-souled, noble-hearted friend, Mr. Nimrod Nameless, “shall I dedicate my book to the hospitable, chivalrous citizens of good old Baltimore, in a direct address from the Author, “in persona propria”—or shall I inscribe it to the “Farmers of the United States”—the millions of Clodpoles? “Hang the dedication,” says he, and all the miserable flip-flappery and clap-trappery of mousing authors, publishers, editors and puffers. It’s all literary gammon and humbug. Hang it all, says he, don’t have any dedication—throw out your book on its merits, to break its own way un-shod through the rotten soil of public sentiment and opinion. Let it loose in the streets, parlors and counting-houses of the city, like a wild horse from the western prairies, without saddle, bridle, rein, whip, spur or martingale, all snorting and cavorting, and then see the fire flash from the pavements.”

“So I will, says I—that’s a fact.”

SQUIRE CLODPOLE, FARMER.

THE

CLODPOLE PAPERS;

Containing the *Letters, Speeches, Debates, Incidents, Adventures, wise Cogitations, learned Criticisms, shrewd Remarks, pithy Puns, close Observations, dry Jokes, crusty Replies, severe Rebukes, scorching Sarcasms, philosophical Disquisitions, political Opinions, and theological Lectures* of the Author; besides, *Tales, Anecdotes, Traditions*, and blowing up of sundry *Humbugs*, with various other interesting matters too tedious to enumerate, all of which will be found by the reader in the right place.—The whole forms one of the drollest, most curious, queer, quizzical, odd and strange, as well as sensible and scientific literary productions that have ever astonished, delighted, edified, or puzzled, quizzed and electrified the natives of this world. Wooden Nutmegs, Southern Chivalry, John Bull and Brother Jonathan, Popery, Pussyism, Ultraism, Radicalism, Whiggery, Locofocoism all get a severe poke under the fifth rib in the Author's own peculiarly original, *eccentric and concentric*, galvanic-battery sort of style; a style earnestly desired and eagerly sought after by literary quacks, but which remains perfectly inimitable and unattainable.

By CHRISTOPHER CLODPOLE, ESQ.

"Inveniam viam aut faciam."

"Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."

"O Fortunatos nimium, si sua bona norint,
Agricolas!"

H U M B U G ?

"Well, old Clodpole, what in the name of cabbages, turnips and market wagons are you driving at *this* time?" Thus I fancy I hear some of my neighbors say, who are plain farmers like myself, and I suppose I must say something in explanation of my conduct, in having the audacity to attempt to write a book in the face and eyes of the learned world, and teach folks what I think the right way in regard to many important matters that concern us all in this life, and that which is to come. I am willing to explain these things to my farmer neighbors, as I confess with pleasure and gratitude that many of them have been in the habit of looking to me for advice and counsel in many things, and I trust my labors among them as a peace-maker have been of some use in promoting their individual happiness and the prosperity of the community,—but to the point. I have no *apology* to offer; I write not hastily, but from long consideration. I believe it both my duty and my privilege. If, in the course of my life, I have gathered up any stores of valuable experience and useful knowledge, however small, I feel impelled by feelings of benevolent patriotism to diffuse the same abroad for the good of the world in general, and of my farmer brethren in particular. I honestly confess I have little expectation or desire of pleasing that class who are called the "upper crust"—the "big bugs"—the "fashionables." I court not *their* smiles; I fear not their frowns.—I most heartily despise their idiotic, baboon-like fantasies which they call gentility, etiquette, and all that sort of stuff and flummery. But I tremble for the final decision of their eternal destiny when called to give an account of their stewardship; of the prodigal manner in which they have squandered the gifts of a bountiful Providence, and perverted them to the destruction of themselves and their children, instead of their education and salvation from sin. What silly capers—what absurd fantastic tricks are perpetrated before heaven and earth, in the name of *fashion*, which indeed would be no sin in any of the harmless monkey tribe, but the thought of which will sting the souls of rational, accountable being in the most terrible manner at the great day of retribution. Shall professed christians, in this free, enlightened and happy country, as we call it—shall the self-styled disciples of our infinite Redeemer disgrace themselves and libel the name of our holy christianity, by such extravagance, avarice, gluttony and foolish dissipation, as inevitably to extort the cry of *shame! hypocrisy!* from the mouths of infidels, heathens and savages! I hope indeed to please and instruct that class of my fellow men to which I belong, the whole Clodpole tribe; the bright-eyed, rosy-faced, cherry-lipped, healthy

lovers of rustic life and rural pursuits, who breathe the pure air of heaven, and drink the "mountain distilled liquid" of Eden—the draught of Paradise, good cold water. If I gain *their* good feelings, and we jog along in pleasant, social chat together I shall be satisfied to let philosophers, statesmen, literati and divines—and even the exquisites of folly and fashion all go to grass to eat mullein together, and pass me by with cold neglect. If indeed any of these who think themselves grandees should condescend to take a peep into my pages, my pleasure will be increased should such facts come to my knowledge. As that event may possibly take place, it becomes me to take off my broad-rim, and make my profound bow to one class, for whom I entertain the highest respect,—I mean preachers of the Gospel. Some of them may say, "Squire Clodpole I admire your benevolence, patriotism and good sense; I respect your talents, wisdom and strong confidence in the power of christianity to renovate this dark world. But how can you gain your own consent to write such trifles—such nonsense? You, who might by your peculiar eloquence, charm a listening audience, and thrill our Legislature—or, with your pen, carry pungent conviction to the minds of grave senators, profound philosophers and learned divines themselves?" To this question I beg leave to reply, that my self-esteem has full often suggested the same train of thought to my mind, but has not become so inflated with vanity, as to delude my judgment into the belief that I possess any powers of that high order, however much I might desire it, under the prompting of the love of approbation, or how much soever I might be gratified with the consciousness of such a truth. But are you not slyly complimenting your own modesty, 'Squire?' some one whispers. Possibly it may be so, for the human heart is a curious thing, and self-love will spring up unawares and in a small crevice. Be it even so then: I will do like the snail or turtle—draw in my head for the sake of safety, and run the risk of complimenting myself for modesty, rather than strut with the vanity of a peacock, and expose myself to the shots of sharp-shooting critics.

I *am* conscious, however, of possessing in some degree those faculties called *humorous*, besides some of a graver cast, and I believe it the duty of every man to "stir up the gift that is within him," whether "grave or gay, lively or severe,"—to *use* and not *abuse* it. I have yet to learn that serious thinking, solemn meditations, and prayerful feelings, however important, are the only valuable exercises of the mind, even for christians and ministers of the gospel. We are often told, and most truly too, that we are immortal and accountable beings; hence one's thoughts should be occupied with those high and holy themes which pertain to our immortality,

We are also social beings, dependent on each other in a large degree not only for our actual animal existence, its continuance and comfortable support, but for the pleasure and happiness which our minds are capable of enjoying in the present world. Hence the importance of cultivating our colloquial powers, our faculties of wit, humor, and all that give zest and vivacity to social life, and constitute its charm, which hold spell-bound the fire-side circle.

I may here pertinently inquire why the great Author of our being has given us the faculties of wit and humor if they are of no use? Shall we stifle a part of our powers, and deem them worthless, because, perchance, some men have *abused* such powers; and cultivate those only which we deem most valuable?—or shall we rather improve and invigorate *all* our powers of body and mind, producing harmony of action, making each an aid to the rest, and using all in the best possible manner for our own and others happiness? The question admits of but one answer: “be sure you are right, *then* go ahead.” This characteristic motto of the comical western statesman is in perfect accordance with the injunction of the great apostle—“forgetting the things which are behind, we *press forward*.”

If then we are conscious of purity of purpose, it is our duty to push on in the path which our most enlightened convictions point out as the highway of usefulness and happiness; the whining and cant of pretended philosophers and reformers, whether in church or state, to the contrary notwithstanding. To our great Master alone are we all and each accountable. It is time for the human mind to arise in the native freedom and strength stamped on it by the Creator, and shake off the trammels of all schools, cliques, sects, parties and nations, and stand forth in the dignity of a moral and intellectual manhood, bowing to the *say so* of no man or set of men without asking *the reason* why?

In order to bring about this state of things, the great mass of men must be induced to *read* and *think*; society must be suffused with a pure, healthy literature. The ocean of polluting *trash* that floods the land, “casting up mire and dirt,” must be driven out. Sound religious, political and scientific truth must be scattered over the land, numerous as autumn leaves, but with the freshness and beauty of spring, in the form of a light, humorous and chaste literature. Nothing less than the attainment of this object will satisfy the writer. He has not taken up his pen merely to amuse the butterflies of fashion, who seem to view this life as did the thoughtless poet when he wrote his own epitaph.

“Life’s a farce, and all things show it,
I thought so once, but now I know it.”

Far different are his views of the nature and objects of the great drama of life—this solemn mystery of existence. It was said by an excellent writer, in reference to the productions of Miss Edgworth, “She has indeed stretched forth a powerful hand in the cause of education; if she had added, ‘in the name of Jesus of Nazareth,’ we should almost have expected miracles from its touch.” Here we apprehend is a distinct, though slight allusion to the spirit of cold morality, or semi-infidelity which too much pervades the writings of the talented lady. Alas! that it should be thus with so many of the favored sons and daughters of genius, who might well nigh have moved the world for good, with the mighty magic of their pens. How long is the dark catalogue of those who have abused their wonderful powers!

In connexion with this train of thought, it has occurred to the writer, that had the author of the “*Pickwick Papers*” and other

highly attractive works, which have pleased and deeply interested so many thousands of readers, within the last ten years—had this highly gifted son of genius have written in that great Name, which is above every other name, “in hell, or earth, or sky,” what an endless influence for good would not his pen have exerted? But are we not compelled to believe that he too, like the vast army of his “illustrious predecessors,” has written solely for money and fame? for the praise of men and the bread that perisheth? And is it not a notorious and sorrowful truth, that poor “*Boz*” is more of a genteel rowdy, than of a humble Christian?

Perhaps some grave moralist or dignified christian may start at the absurd notion, as he will think it, of infusing the spirit and doctrines of the Bible into comical and humorous productions, such as those of Dickens’ are. We must “become all things to all men, so that we may save some.”

I shall now conclude my prefatory remarks, which are rather prolix and discursive; they may also be deemed of a graver cast than the title page holds out. I shall, therefore, in the first chapter of my work, plunge at once, “*in medias res*,” and dash off at full gallop in my own unrivalled style, like a wild horse over the prairies—or a herd of buffaloes trampling all before them, or like forty locomotives coming in at once, puffing and snorting, attracting the attention of every body, so that the cry will be, “Who in the world is coming now?” And the answer shall be from ten thousand voices, like the shouts from a vast multitude of Erin’s Repealers, “And surely, who should it be, but ould Clodpole himself.

SNOOKSVILLE, *February 15th*, 1844.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein old Christopher talks more about himself than about other folks, and tells how he came to think of writing a book, and other interesting matters that can't be known without reading them.

As I find I am destined to figure extensively on paper, here in my own book if no where else in this world besides in my own cornfield and cabbage-garden, I think I may as well "begin at the beginning," and tell all the world at once, just who and what I am, which will be something of a *long yarn*, as the sailors say. And in telling all about myself, I shall have to say something about my good old daddy, and great grand-daddies who helped to give John Bull such a thrashing, when our great grand-marms would drink his tea that he sent over to them. I was born down East from here, but not away down North East in the State of Maine, where Jack Downing wrote his famous letters. By the way, it was a Yankee *lady* who wrote those letters, though the Major pretended he was the real author, and the lady, being modest, I suppose did not well like to dispute publicly with the Major about it. I understand that after Gen. Jackson went home to Tennessee, he gave the Major a situation as sort of clerk to attend to his business. I am glad of it, for as I intend to write for the Farmer of Ashland, I hope he will remember me in the same way when we boost him into the big-arm chair to superintend Uncle Sam's large plantation. But where am I going to? I began to tell about myself, and all at once I catch myself running away from the point, like a young duck into the water, or a wild partridge into the woods. I was born in old Massachusetts, twenty-five miles from Plymouth Rock; my father's ancestors were soldiers in the war of the Revolution, descendants in a direct line from the Pilgrims, and hard fisted old fellows of the right stamp. They were all either farmers, blacksmiths, carpenters, or some kind of hard working men, and I never heard that any of them ever got drunk, stole, was stingy, or wore a ruffled shirt, or any sort of flummery. They worked hard, drank cold water, read their Bibles, kept the Sabbath holy, and educated their children. *They always built school-houses, and paid their school-masters cheerfully.* Such a people will have prosperity and happiness in any country, in any clime. The learned Blacksmith of old Massachusetts is a sort of sixteenth cousin to one of my great grand-marms. My great grand daddy, Peter Clodpole, was a soldier under old General Putnam in the Revolutionary War, and also helped him hunt the old she wolf in the land of wooden nut-megs. My good father, Thomas

Clodpole, or Uncle Tommy, as he was familiarly called by his neighbors, when he was one and twenty, was presented by his father with a new suit of clothes, called a "freedom suit," a strong iron bar to dig stones with, a pick-axe and a spade; and was told by the old man to go out into the wide world and dig for his grub! These tools, with habits of hardy industry, a good constitution, not injured by laziness or dissipation, a good character for steadiness and sobriety, with a tolerable education, such as the common district schools afforded in those days, constituted his whole fortune, except a Bible, given to him by his mother, and a few other books which he had bought for himself. Thus equipped, he started out to dig and hack his way through this rough world.

All my grand-father's family, and my ancestors before them, were of the "old standing order," right old fashioned, rigid Calvinists to the back bone. They had the real Puritan stamp. That denomination now call themselves "Orthodox Congregationalists," in distinction from the Unitarians, whom they consider, of course, heterodox.

The first year my father hired out on a farm, at digging stones and laying stone wall, grubbing up briars, raising corn, potatoes, cabbage, and all other kinds of hard work on a farm. In the fall, having a little money ahead, he went to the Academy for one quarter, and kept a school the following winter in his native town. In this way he went on a few years, until he bought a small farm, got married to Patience Plodwell, the daughter of a forehanded old farmer in the town of Digwell, and settled down in life, as happy as a clam at high-water mark.

In due time, that is, in the course of the following year, their eyes were blessed with the sight of a plump, hearty looking boy, who has always maintained the reputation he then promised to his delighted parents, that of enjoying good health; for he has now for fifty years generally been good for his allowance of mush and milk, pork and beans, codfish and potatoes, cabbage and sauer krout, and other substantial of life, that stick to the ribs, and give life to the inner man. This promising son of the sod, my parents named Christopher, in honor of Christopher Columbus, the great navigator, and discoverer of the new world.

And, dear reader, here I am. I was born in the year 1794, in the town of Digwell, and was brought up to my father's business, that of digging the sod, to see what I could find under it. When I was twelve years of age, my father sold his farm, and moved down East, into the District, now State of Maine, and settled us in the town of Bloomfield, on the Kennebec river. The country at that time was comparatively new; at present it is one of the most beautiful and prosperous sections of that noble State, and the town of Bloomfield in particular contains many fine farms, with wealthy owners. When I became of age, I had as good an education as the town schools and Academy afforded; having acquired beside the English branches some knowledge of mathematics, and of the Latin and Greek languages. My parents were desirous that I should study one of the learned professions as they are called, they having the same vanity

that is so common to people, of desiring their sons to become merchants, professional men, gentlemen, dandies, or any thing but hard fisted workies like themselves. But I told them at once, that I would never be any thing but a Clodpole, both in name and profession; I cared not how *learned* I might be, and resolved to cultivate my mind all in my power, and then devote myself with all my energies to the mental and moral improvement of the honest sons of the sod, one of whom I should always rejoice to be.

"Ah, Cris, you great land-lubber, I don't know what upon *airth* to think of you," says my good mother. "I always told your father that you would be good for somethin' or nothin'—but hardly know how it will turn out. I am puzzled all to pieces about it—that's a positive fact. I'm afeer'd you will never be any thing but a rusty plough-jogger all your born days."

"Very well, mother," says I, "so be it; I am determined to go it while I am young, and then I shall know how when I am old—as Shakspeare or somebody says. And I shall yet live to see the day, when third rate petty lawyers, half starved doctors, broken backed merchants, counter-hoppers, tape-cutters, genteel loafers, and the monkeys of fashion, will all stare at me like a wild 'coon fresh from the woods, and snort like a horse eating thistles, when they read my Clodpole papers, and find that I am living like a pig in the clover, on my small farm, while half of them are starving in the midst of their gentility and fashionable humbug."

"O, Cris, what nonsense," says my mother, "that's all froth and scum."

"Very well, mother, if we all live long enough, we'll see about it. I feel the rising up of genius within me, like a toad under the sod, or a turtle in the mud—and it must come out, and blaze forth."

"Yes, we shall see, my son. When the sky falls, we shall catch larks," says she, with a significant nod of her head.

From what I have said, it will be easily perceived that I am no common genius; that I am strongly tinctured with wooden nutmeg and Yankee ingenuity; and having lived many years in Maryland, I have a mixture of Southern chivalry also. In short, I have a strong touch of down East, like Jack Downing; something of the droll, half-horse, half-alligator nature of Davy Crockett, with a spice of Sam Slick and the snapping-turtle. Take me out and out, ladies and gentlemen, the world must concede that I am a downright curious old fellow, as the rest of my book will plainly shew. As I have spun out rather a long yarn, at the first hitch, bragging about myself, I shall stop short, as my old horse Heavyshins did, when he run a race in the field, and brought up all at once against the stone wall.

CHAPTER II.

Wherein I tell something about my neighbor, Ben Bobkins, and my publishers.

One morning Ben Bobkins came to my house, and says he, 'Squire here's a letter I brot up from town yesterday. I went into a book-store to buy a spelling-book for little Benny, and the gentlemen got to talking with me, and when they found out I was from Snooksville, they looked mighty glad, and axed me if I node 'Squire Clodpole. I telled 'em I did for sartin, as well as the next one; that he was my neighbor, and our village 'Squire. They axed me to bring up this letter to you, and so I did." I then opened the letter and read it.

BALTIMORE, *January 10th, 1844.*

SQUIRE CLODPOLE,

*Dear Sir :—*We beg leave to remind you of the conversation we had with you in the fall, about writing a book for us to publish, and hope you have the manuscript nearly ready, as we are desirous of publishing the work as soon as possible.

Respectfully,

JOHN BOOKMAN & COMPANY.

"Well 'Squire," says Ben, "that's queer indeed; I ollers node as how you was mighty fond of books and all sort's o' larnin; but I had no idee that you had gumpshun enuff to rite a book, that's a fact." I felt rather curious at this sudden left-handed compliment of my neighbour, who is an honest, clever fellow, tho' illiterate. So I just shuffled the matter off as best I might. I immediately wrote to Mr. Bookman as follows:

SNOOKSVILLE, *January, 1844.*

MESSRS. J. BOOKMAN & COMPANY.

In answer to yours of the 10th inst. I have only to say, that in accordance with the agreement with you in the fall, I have employed my leisure hours this winter in writing, and shall visit the city in a short time, and bring you my manuscript. We farmers have some spare time in the winter, to be sure; but we also have many cares. Beside my home business on the farm, going to market,

getting up wood, taking care of the cattle, fixing oven-wood and various other little matters for the comfort and convenience of the good woman I call aunt Polly, I find the education of my children an important matter, which engrosses much of my time and attention. My ideas of education are not like those of many persons at the present day as you well know.

These fashionable boarding schools squeeze up young girls in the waist like a hornet, dress them up in artificials, drive all the common sense out of their noddles, learn them tricks and capers like a monkey, and when they dance, bow, scrape, smile and grin according to fashion; murder a few tunes on the forty-penujah, then forsooth their *headication* is pronounced *finished*, and they are turned loose in the wide world to catch husbands, if they can find any fool enough like themselves to have them. This they can generally do if they have fashionable mammas to fish for them, and rich old daddies to write a few thousand dollars on a ticket, and pin it on their dress, by way of advertisement. There are a plenty of money hunters in the shape of genteel loafers, frost-bitten lawyers, and half starved doctors, who are ready to jump at such a prize, like a duck at a June-bug, live stock and all. But if my son Tom is caught going after such shallow-pates, I'll just limber his shins with the essential oil of a good stout hickory switch—that's all. I have taught him better than *that* comes to.

Yes, gentlemen, these fashionable schools are a grand engine of the devil, for sending thousands of innocent children to tee-total ruination of body and mind—health and happiness. They are real gull-traps (many of them I mean, not all) to humbug weak-minded silly mothers, who have more pride and vanity than common sense, and rich, hen-pecked husbands, whose wives spend money as fast as they can make it, while the humbugger is all the while laughing in his sleeve, and feeding richly on the spoils he has won.

The right way to train children according to my notion is to make them work hard—this is good for soul and body both. It makes their brains strong, and shakes all the cob-webs out of them. It gives them strong minds and healthy bodies, beside habits of industry and self-dependence. We ought to have a Professor of *hard-work* in all our schools and colleges, and then we should have less of the *dumps*, *humstuggins* and *hobgoblins* among students. We should have less laziness and sickness among them; consequently more healthy energetic men, among our doctors, lawyers, and parsons too. If I was the Professor in that department, I would have this motto, "*Labor omnia vincit*---blue devils and horrors!" which may be thus translated—"hard work and temperance is sure death to horrors, whether blue or black." If my writings should help to bring about a better state of things in relation to this important subject of education, as you do me the honor to suggest, I shall be amply paid for my labors. I can then draw up myself on my reserved dignity on my snug little farm, as quiet and happy as a "possum in his gum log," or "coon in a hollow tree."

I am, gentlemen, with due regard, your friend and humble servant,
CHRISTOPHER CLODPOLE, *Farmer*.

This letter I sent off by the mail next day, and then set myself about preparing my manuscript and fixing things at home, so that I could leave a few weeks and go the city, and superintend the printing of my book.

My wife (bless her dear heart) who has been worth more than a farm to me, and who has tugged on with me faithfully through all my troubles and difficulties, and rejoiced affectionately in all my prosperity—my good wife, I say, begins to look pleased and has a little sort of innocent pride, maybe, at the idea of my becoming an author, and getting up in the world, and making money by writing, as we have always had to work so hard for our living, and all the money we have ever earned.

"Mr. Clodpole, how long do you expect to be gone to town?" says aunt Polly to me.

"I expect about a month," says I, putting on a long face, and looking very cool and indifferent, but watching her face slyly to see what she thought of it; for I can read her phiz like a book.

"A whole month," says she, looking up to me with that mixed up expression of surprise, affection and regret, which always makes the woman we love look so interesting—whether young or old, widow, wife or maid, mother or daughter. "You will not stay away from me a whole month, old Clodpole, I know, or else you are a different man from what you ever was yet, and I don't believe your getting to be an author and talking with *larnt* men and wiseacres in Baltimore town will make you forget Aunt Polly like that. I know you better than that my jolly old plough-jogger."

"May be you do, Aunt Polly," says I; feeling young again all at once, and jumping up from the table where I was writing, and giving her as hearty a buss as I ever did in all my life, not excepting the moonshine times of our courtship.

"Is Tom going with you so as to come home with the wagon?" says she.

"Yes, my dear, that is the arrangement I have made; we can take down a load of marketing, sell out, and let Tom come home with the horses and wagon, while I stay in town and fix up my business. If things sell well, I intend to buy you a new calico dress, and send home by Tom; if I cant do it now, I will take the first money I get from selling my book," says I, putting my finger across my nose, and looking wondrous wise.

Aunt Polly smiled, but said nothing, and kept on knitting very busily. I suppose she thought it would be very acceptable, when it come, whether paid for in books or butter.

CHAPTER III.

A description of my neighbor *Sam Skinflint*, who makes his first appearance in my book, and other little matters thrown in to boot.

Sam Skinflint was a man, (or something in the shape of one done up in clothing) who was too stingy to eat enough to make him fat, so he always kept himself poor as a scare-crow, or the ghost of famine; he was so miserly *selfish* as to cheat *himself* (what a bull) and family out of the comforts of life. He was such a pinch-fist as to bite off his own nose in many things, figuratively speaking, and he could almost do it literally, his face had such a long proboscis for a handle. His face looked sharp enough to split the North-east wind into shavings, and his forehead was so hard you could almost grind your axe on it; in fact he had ground the faces of the poor so long, and *rich* too when he could drive a good trade, that it became a common saying among his neighbors, "Sam's face is as hard as a Grind-stone." His eyebrows too looked hard and flinty. It was said he would skin two fleas for the hide and tallow of one, and take the hide off a gun-flint for three cents, and run the risk of spoiling a jack-knife worth a levy in the operation.

Sam began life by hiring out to a tavern-keeper to attend to the horses and stables; here he got fond of a dram whenever he could drink at others' expense, but was never known to treat or spend the first red cent for grog. He afterwards drove the stage for some years, then bought a small farm and went to work on it. He also opened a store and grog shop, and made money hand over fist in ruining his neighbors with rum and whiskey. His wife would tend the store, while Sam was farming and going to market.

Ben Bobkins was a very different man; he was a poor hard-working honest fellow, who hired out by the day or by the job among his neighbors, just as he could get a chance. He was a generous good-hearted fellow as we say; and though he had but a poor education when a boy, he had good common sense, and a strong desire to educate his children. Such are the characters that for a time will figure before the reader.

One evening while I was sitting with my family reading the Saturday Visiter and the Baltimore Clipper, Ben Bobkins and Sam Skinflint both came in.

"Evenin, Squire," says Ben.

"Good evening, neighbors," says I, laying down the paper, and taking off my specks.

"You are ollers a redin Squire," says Sam. "It's no wonder your head is so full of all sorts o' wise notions and larned ideeas, I snore, is it Ben! A feller's got to set up oll nite, and get up afore day, if he catches you noddin, eh? I say, Squire. Aint he Ben?"

"That's a fact," says Ben; no two ways about that Sam, no how you can fix it—chicken fixins or corn dodgers, its all the same to Squire Clodpole."

"In a horn," says I.

"With both eends open," says Sam.

"Yes," says Ben, "yes, and stopped up with a wooden cob, too; open or shut, the Squire can see through a horn,—a ram's horn at that, all crooked as it is, from one eend to tother, or a mill stone ither, just as cute as the next one, I go security."

"Come," says I, "none of that soft soap and nonsense; don't be stuffing me in that way, I beg of you. I *am* rather fond of reading, it is true. After a hard day's work, when I sit down at night by my comfortable fire-side, with Aunt Polly there, in the corner knitting, with the school master and my children around me with their books, it seems to rest me to read and converse at the same time that I improve my mind, and gather instruction and amusement."

"I can't afford no tu dollers to take a paper these hard times, no how," says Sam. "Times is so desput tuff."

"You *can* afford it if you would," says Ben, but you are so oll-fired stingy you *wont*, that's the upshot of it."

"Sam, how can a poor fellow like I afford it,—I like the Saturday Visiter so well for my children, that I would give tu dollers more, rather nor be without it for their sake. I can't rede nor rite a blessed bit, but my boys and gals can rede rite smart since they all have been gwine to skule to the '*Yankee Schoolmaster*,' what rites them stories for the paper. I like to hear 'em read. As Squire says, it kind o' rests me."

"A body has to be dredful savin these desput times," says Sam, to make both eends o' the year meet, and jist lap over a leetle. I don't know what in nater folks will do, if guverment don't du sumthin or anuther to make times better soon; that's my candid ideeas about these things; no mistake. Taxes and one thing anuther comes peksy tite on us."

"Well Sam, I do declare," says Ben, "it's enuff to make a hoss laff eenjist to hear you talk about hard times. I'll bet a goose egg, poor as I am, that you have got hard cash tied up in some old stockin or anuther, that you don't pay no taxes for—come now, not the first brass copper."

Sam smiled a little at this hard hit, and I dare say he laughed hard enough in his sleeve at the time, and may be roared out a real horse laugh afterwards, when alone by himself, for it was all true enough.

"Squire," says Sam, "neighbor Bobkins here tells me as how you ar a gwine to rite a book, and you have been such an all-fired, rum-hating, ungumcious, obstinate old feller agin all likker sellin and likker drinkin, that I'm afeerd you will go to ritin some terrible stuff or uther agin me that will poke me like pitch-forks, and put it in yer

book, and if you du that thar 'Squire, blow me if I aint used up and tee-totally ruinated as ever Van Buren was at the last 'lection, if you do that 'Squire I dont think as how it will be naberly to du that thar thing no how, as we want to live here in peese together as naburs like, yu no, 'Squire,—Eh?"

"Well now, Sam," says I, "what in the name of common sense put it into your noddle that I was going to write any thing in my book about you? The fact is, Sam, it is conscience that is haunting you like the night-mare. You know you have done a great deed of mischief by selling grog in that store of yours, and in that tavern too which you own, and which you rented to neighbor Bobkins some years ago. Now, after you have ruined your neighbors—made wives miserable and broken-hearted, and children starved, hungry and ragged—after having caused fights, strife and misery in so many families—now, forsooth, you talk as harmless as a sucking dove about peace and quietness among neighbors. You can't come it over me with your blarney in that way, Sam. I shall go ahead in the path of my duty, boldly, fearlessly, in spite of all opposition, whether from rum-sellers, rum-suckers, horned devils, black shpooks, or what not. As to putting you down in my book, perhaps I shall if I think proper to do so."

"Squire," says Ben, "I wish you would jist rede that drole peese you made up about the Devil a comin arter the rum-sellers; if that don't eenamost make Sam's hair stand on eend like hog's bristles or *pork-o-pine* kwills, my name ain't Ben Bobkins, that's all. That dream is what I call a raal snorter; its got the fire and spunk of native genus gumpshun in it, that are a fact."

"Yes," says Sam, "I wish you wood rede it Squire, I want to hear it, but Ben needent think I am a gwine to be skeered so easy as he makes out. I've seen tu many rum suckers a havin the horrors and thinkin the devil with the poker arter 'em, and all that sort o' thing, to be skeered with trifles—eh? I say, Squire."

"Well, Sam," says I, "you seem to care but little about it; but I can tell you it's no small matter in my humble opinion, to sell as much grog as you have in your life. I would not wonder if you and many others who have made and sold whiskey, and done so much mischief—I would not wonder, I say, if you and thousands like you, would be kidnapped and carried off by Old Scratch, down to the dark regions of perdition, and 'have hot shins when you can't sit back.' Sam you are a clever neighbor in many respects, and I wish you no harm; but you have persevered so long in selling grog, and injuring our temperance society in this place, that it seems you would sell your soul to the devil for three cents and throw in your body for nothing. Sam, its awful serious business, if that good old Book is true, and you will find it out yet, perhaps when it is too late. Sam, remember what I say, and as you have heard me spout my cold-water speeches at our meetings so many times, I shall not say much more to you, for it seems to do no more good than boiling gun flints to try to make them soft."

"Come, now Squire, you are tu pesky hard on me, aint he Ben?"

a feller has tu du sumthin or anuther tu try tu make an honest livin, and I keep store, and sell what folks want; and if they *will* buy grog and get drunk, why I jist lets 'em, that's all; its a free country you no, and if I don't sell, some body else will, and I mite as well make money out of it as any body else, I reckon."

"Don't talk about sellin grog to make an *honest* livin, says Ben. There is no honesty about it. It's a mean, low-lived, nasty, noisey, smoky business, the whole consarn of rum-sellin, smelling or suckin, as I no by bitter experience. Did'nt I keep your nasty rum tavern there for three years, where Simon Sucker is now, and did'nt I get to drinkin hard, and almost ruined? I got in debt to you for rent, and you wood uv *skinned* me alive all but and sold every thing I had, if I had'nt jist a jined the cold-water society rite strate, at wonst, and quit the dirty rum hole less than no time at all amost. The Squire, he and a few of the sober folks lent me some money and helped me out o' the scrape, or you wood a near but uv taken my hide off o' me, Sam. You no *that*, don't you now?"

"O hang it, Ben, what in natur is the use a gwine to rakin up that old hatchet," says Sam, very much nettled at Ben's plain, home-thrust. "All I wanted was my own Ben; a feller has to be careful and savin you no, to see that his family has their just due. But I say, Squire, lets hear that piece read, that Ben telled about, I want to hear it."

So I just drew out the paper from a budget I had, and read it to them. I will here give it to my readers. I call this piece

"THE RUM-SELLER'S DREAM," OR "THE VISIT OF THE DEVIL TO THE RUM-SELLER."

One night I went to-bed rather later than usual, for it was Saturday night, and there had been, as usual, a large company at my house that afternoon and evening, and I had taken in at the bar for liquor ten dollars and a half, and considered my clear profits out of it eight dollars. So you see what an enormous profit there is in selling liquor by the glass. When my neighbors came in for a glass of grog, those that went on tick, I had a piece of chalk, and every time they took a glass I just chalked down one mark in this way. My bar-room inside was all filled up with chalk marks, containing the grog scores of my neighbors. Once a week I cast up the accounts, and entered them in my Day-book. The accounts then read somewhat as follows:

Tom Tippler, dr. 19 glasses whiskey at three cents	57
Simon Sucker, dr. 7 " " "	21
Sam Swilltub, dr. 25 " " "	75
Jim Upstart, dr. 8 glasses wine at 6¼ cents	50
Jemmy Diddler, dr. one glass grog	03

In this way my weekly account would be from \$5 to \$10, and considering that four-fifths of this was clear profit, this with my travelling custom, in grog selling, gave me a constant income; and though not

large, it helped me along mightily. My weekly income from my neighbors would pay for my provisions, groceries and wood. In fact, the yearly grog bill of my best customer, Jim Guzzleall, paid my rent regularly every year. It is true, when Jim settled up with me once in three months, I pitied his wife and children, to think how he was chenting them out of their honest bread and butter, and feeding my children with it—but, then you know, that was his business, not mine.

Well, as I was saying, it was quite late that night when I went to-bed, and my head was so full of grog bills, rattling glasses, bar-room noise and slang—cigar smoke, horse laughs, and that sort of nonsense, that I tumbled into bed without saying a word of prayer; in fact, I felt ashamed, and too guilty to try to pray. I lay awake sometime, in a restless, confused state of mind, and finally got to sleep. I dreamed that I heard a noise down in my bar-room, and getting up, I lighted a candle and went down there to see if any traveller was at the door, which I had fastened as usual that night.

When I entered the bar-room, I was much surprised to see a stranger there of a very uncommon appearance. He had large whiskers, a fierce black eye, a cloak wrapped around him, a pipe three feet long in his mouth, and a huge cane in his hand. He puffed out volumes of smoke from his mouth that seemed a compound of tobacco smoke, gunpowder, brandy and brimstone. I was half frightened out of my wits.

"Ah! my honey," says the stranger, "you are not quite ready yet to pay up, are you?"

"Pay what?" says I.

"Oh," says he, "don't understand, do you? why, my share of the profits, to-be-sure; have not you and I been in close partnership this long time?—didn't we enter into a league long time ago?"

"What league?" says I, "I never entered into partnership with any body that I know of; I never saw nor heard of *you* before, at any rate. Who in the name of common sense are you, sir?"

"Aha, my dear fellow, you have been diddling with whiskey all this long time, and don't know me? that's very queer indeed. I shall enlighten your mind directly. I am the patron of rumsellers, rumdrinkers and sots; the Prince of Darkness, the King of Pandemoniam, old Satan himself. Look here," said he, throwing open his cloak.

I looked and saw his body, which seemed to be all afire. Says he, "Landlord, there are a great many things in earth, and hell too, that you don't know yet. Give me something to drink," says he, in a gruff, surly voice.

"What'll you take," says I "Mr. Belzebug?"

"Set out all your decanters here," says he.

I was so scared I dared not disobey, and set them all out. He then took them and swallowed them all down—liquor and decanters all at once, and then swallowed all my tumblers on top of them. He then puffed out of his mouth volumes of fire, smoke, brimstone, burning

alcohol, and broken glass ground all into atoms, which shone very brightly.

He then came into my bar, and says, "Landlord, what are all these little white chalk marks?"

I felt guilty, and was silent.

"Come," says he, "no snivelling, let's know all about it."

So I told him. He then run his finger along over the white marks, and every one of them changed into a letter, as if written with fire; and then I read these fearful words—

Drunkenness, Crime, Poverty, Broken-hearted Wives, Ragged, Cold, Half-starved Children, Misery, Ruin, Eternal Woe!

"Landlord, where are your whiskey barrels?" says he.

"There in the corner of the room."

"Hold the candle here," says he.

The Devil then marked on the barrel heads as if writing with his fingers, and then I saw these words in letters of fire as before;—*Rum* and *Ruin*, *Starvation*, *Hell-fire*, *Wickedness* and *Woe*, *Devil Traps*, *Bait to catch Drunkards*.

"O my!" says I, "Mr. Satan, I didn't know all this before. O horror of horrors! what *will* become of me? Please let me off, Mr. Satan, and I never will sell any more grog. I'll saw wood, black boots, dig stones, raise potatoes, or any thing that's honest for a living."

"O, no, Mr. Landlord, you needn't think to cheat old Nick in that way. I must have my share of the profits. I have helped you make money a long time, and now you want to back out; no, no. The Old Boy knows his business better. You must go with me now, Mr. Landlord."

Saying this, the old fellow caught me under his arm, and sunk down through the floor, amidst a terrible crashing noise, fire and smoke, that almost suffocated and stupified me. When I came to my senses, I found myself in the strangest place I ever saw.

"This place," says Belzebub, "is my dominion; now come with me, and I will shew you the destiny of drunkards and rumsellers. Do you see this wheel here with a man lashed to it? That is a rumseller. We call it Ixion's Wheel, because it turns forever; and these two men who turn the cranks of the wheel are drunkards."

"Do you see that long hill, where the man is rolling up a large stone? As soon as he reaches the top of the hill, the stone rolls down again, and he has all his task to do over again—and so he tugs forever. He too is a rumseller. Here, men," says he, "take this landlord, and tie him to Ixion's Wheel."

I turned round and saw half a dozen horrid looking fiends just ready to grab me. I made one desperate leap to run away, and woke up all in a sweat, with a horrid screech that scared my wife. And says she, "Husband, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough," says I. "Such an awful dream!"

I took a good drink of water, and it never tasted better in all my life. I then resolved, if I lived till the next Temperance meeting, I would join the Society, for let me tell you, there is nothing like *cold water*!

Rumseller! go ahead, if you *will*, in the path of hell-fire, but think of the consequences, and remember the words of the poet:

"Do this, and Heaven's frown—thy country's curse,
 Guilt's fiery tortures ever burning;—
 The quenchless thirst of Tantalus,
 And Ixion's Wheel forever turning;
 A name for which the pain'dest fiend
 Below—his own would barter never,
 This shall be thine unto the end,
 Thy damning heritage forever!"

After I had read it, Sam looked very long-faced, and I began to think the fellow was going to have a serious thought for once in his life, at least, if he never did again.

"What du you think uv that, Sam?" says Ben; "aint that a whopper?"

"I was jist a thinkin'," says he.

"Thinkin? was you," says Ben. "Are you sure of that, Sam? was you actilly a thinkin? cause if you was I begin to have some hope of you."

"Why, Ben," says I, "what *do* you mean? are you crazy, man? *do* explain yourself."

"Why, Squire, I thought if Sam actilly had a thought, or even half an idee; a sober one I mean, may be you cood splice on another half, and then he would have a *hull* idee; and then if he would let that one go to seed, he might raise a crop on 'em in course o' time."

"O Ben, git out doors with your nonsense, or up chimney if you like, I don't care which," says Sam. "I was a thinkin, Squire, whether Ben had that dream when he kept my tavern there, and got you to word it like, and kind o' dress it up in larned-idees, or whether you actilly made it up out of your own head, eh? I say, Squire, how was it?"

"I can't say any thing more about it now," says I.

"Squire jist leave Sam to find that out by his *larnin*, and let him keep up a sharp look out that Old Scratch dont cum arter him in a hurry too," says Ben.

"Well neighbors, we had some talk about going to town together next week, you know," says I. "What do you intend to do? I expect to be ready next Monday morning, and want to start immediately after breakfast, say at seven o'clock, if you will both be ready with your wagons, and be here at that time, we wil all start off together." This arrangement being made, I bade my neighbors good night, and they went home.

"Father," says my son Tom, "I would not wonder if Sam Skinflint would have the night-horse after him this very night, and the hum-fluggins for a week to come, after hearing that Rum Seller's dream read; he need not pretend to stout it out so, and talk of his courage and firmness, for I know him to be a great coward, after all. He has courage enough to make money, and that's about all."

"Well, my son, we shall see; Sam is a hard case I know. I wish we could get all the neighbors to join our temperance society and

then we would starve out him and S mon Sucker, who keeps the tavern; but it is a very difficult matter to do this."

The next Monday morning, we got ourselves ready to start off for the city.

"Come, Mother," says Tom, "have you got our things ready? We shall want some cold victuals put up, to eat on the way, for it's no use to stop at the taverns on expense; we want some cold boiled beef, and pork, some bread, butter, pickles and apples. If you have some mince pies mother, we should like some of them put up too, for father will do justice to them and spare not, and what he don't eat, I can--that's all."

"Tom," says I, "be sure and not forget my trunk, for that has my clothes and budget of papers in it; you know my son, you would be liable to forget it, for we don't take a trunk every time we go to market."

"Very well, father, I will try to be particular about that, and take care of the trunk on the journey too."

At about seven o'clock, the appointed time, my two neighbors Skinflint and Bobkins, drove their wagons along before my door. Sam, from sheer selfishness, fed his horses well, and kept them in good order for hard work, so they looked well fed and strong; but he was too stingy to keep his wagon and harness in good repair. When a buckle was gone, he would fix up his "tacklin," as he called it, with an old rusty nail and a tow string, or piece of twine. When Sam carried chickens to market, he would take out the giblets, that is the gizzard and pluck, and keep them at home, and *save* so much. If he found a dead mouse in a flour barrel in his store, he would pick him up, shake the flour from him, and *save* so much. Sam built a house that cost him five hundred dollars to rent out. "There's a house," says he, "that I built on half cents." His meaning was, that since he had been in trade, for twenty years or more, that he had saved enough, by taking care to get the half cent in trade, to build that house. When he took in butter into his store from the country people, he would mix up the bad with the good, and put in some lard slyly too, and then bring it to market. He would buy eggs, and keep them in his store a long time, till they were spoiled, and then bring them to town to market. This is the way the city people get cheated and imposed upon by the country people in pay for city rascality. Dust in sugar, water in milk, and lard in butter, is all bad business.

After a pleasant journey, we all arrived safely in town, and put up at Dunning's Hotel; here we found many of our neighbors from the country, who like ourselves had come to market. If I can find a temperance tavern in the city, I shall go there to board, though I like Mr. Dunning and his house all but his selling grog. He has good accommodation for wagons and horses, and as I came to town with my market wagon, and brought some plunder to sell, such as potatoes, oats, chickens and other fixins, I drove up to his hotel in Oldtown, where a large portion of the farmers and wagoners from Baltimore county and Pennsylvania always stop. Mr. Dunning, the landlord, takes great pleasure in waiting on his customers and pleasing them.

His house is kept in plain style for plain country travellers and farmers like myself.

Those dandy gentlemen who think nothing short of Barnum's or some of the splendiferous grandee taverns would suit, I suppose would not feel at home as I do at Dunning's house; but I doubt whether there is any better living for the price, in any tavern or boarding house in good old Baltimore, than can be found at the well spread table of mine host of the Pennsylvania Hotel.

Mind now, I do not say there is not more flummery and nick-nacks boiled frogs, fried nonsense, baked humbugs and one bothered thing, and another. But for downright wholesome food—good, solid eating, that kind that sticks to the ribs, and cheers up a body's spirits, and makes him feel in a good humor with every body and every thing—for this kind of living commend *me* and all Clodpoles to landlord Dunning, and your *very* genteel folks and big-whiskered dandies, double-refined exquisites, and all them queer critters may live on frog soups, tadpole puddings, flie's tongues, musketoe's toe nails and slices of nothing fried in the essence of wind instead of beef-steaks, and I have no objection at all. Go it ye cripples, while your money lasts—and then—what then? why then, go to work.

CHAPTER IV.

Which strings out like pumpkins on a bean-pole, a long mess of confabs happenments and observations of various kinds, as Sam Weller would say, pertaining to men, matters and things in general, and women in particular.

"Squire, are you gwine down town," says Ben Bobkins, "dressed as you are now? I wonder you didn't bring your go-to-meeting clothes to wear in the city."

"Yes, Ben," says I, "I am going through the city just as I am, and if people don't like my dress, they can just do that other thing, you know."

"That's a fact, Squire, so they can. As for *me* I am nothing when I am at home, but plain Ben Bobkins, a hard working man, who

makes no pretensions to larnin or ettiket, as you call it; but *you* are one of our big folks, up in Snooksville, and you have so many acquaintances here among city gentlemen, that I did 'spect you would slick up a *leetle*. Your long tail blue coat, broad brim, and calf skin boots, look middlin well."

"Why, Ben, the truth is, nine-tenths of what is called fashionable life and etiquette, is mere moon-shine and humbug. Men of good sense will esteem you or me, or any body else just as well, for dressing plain and being economical. In fact, they think all the better of us for it. Many of the most industrious wealthy, business men in this city, are distressed with the folly and extravagance of their wives and daughters, and their purses are lightened no little by their expensive living. Some of these fashionable ladies will give as much for a pocket handkerchief, Ben, as would buy you a good cow."

"O my stars, Squire, you don't say so; such a woman would ruin all Snooksville in six weeks."

"True as codfish and pumpkins, Ben, that's a true bill," says I.

I will here give a description of my person and appearance. Imagine to yourself, kind reader, a man fifty years of age, six feet high, neither too fat or too lean, a hard-fisted, grey eyed, shrewd looking old fellow, with a good education, and a very good opinion of himself, and you have the *idee* exactly. Then there's my broad rim hat, drab box coat, corduroy indispensables, and thick cow-hide boots pulled on over my trowsers, and stout hickory cane, to keep off the dogs, and two-legged brutes. In this style you may see me poking about town, with my head down, making "Pickwickian observations," and various cogitations on men, matters and things in general.

After we had sold our things in the Bel-Air market, Ben Bobkins and I and little Benny took a walk down Gay street, and there we saw some people staring at a fine looking wide awake, live Rackoon in a wagon, which a man held by a chain, and exhibited to the surrounding multitude, who were gaping with eager curiosity.

"I declare, dad," says little Benny, "there's that same old Coon what made such a fuss, in the times of hard cider, log-cabins, bumble-bees and humbugs."

"Hush, boy," says Bobkins, "may be that's the young one; for you no the papers said the old Coon was kilt dead as a door nail, Squire. I seen a picter on 'im flat on his back, with his paws strate up, sartin."

Crossing over to the other side of the street, we met my old gentlemanly grandee friend, Colonel Tallman, a rich, polite man.

"How do you find yourself *this* time? Squire Clodpole," says he, as polite as a basket of chips.

"Some how or other my dear sir, it always does me good to see you and your farmer neighbors from the country, you always look so healthy and cheerful. Your children too are all so plump and hearty, when compared with many of our puny, pale-faced darlings in the city. Here is Mr. Bobkins and his son now—I dare say they work hard, and think some times their lot in life is not so easy as mine and some others, but let me tell you all my friends, that you eat many a

heartily dinner, and sleep away in peace many a sweet nap and happy hour, when some of us who live in great houses, and ride in our costly carriages, have many a head-ache, heart-ache, and poor appetite even for a costly dinner, that you know nothing of. I think very often, my dear sir, that there is not so much difference between the rich and the poor, as many people imagine. I mean as to the amount of real comfort and happiness, for that is what we all desire, Squire. What is the use of all our houses, stores, lands, money or ships, if we have not good health and peace of mind? Ah sir, that good book tells the whole truth about these things. "How *hardly* shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." And again—"they that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare." Why sir, if the city could speak out in a voice of power, like one of our big guns, and tell the guilt, the sins and sufferings of only twenty-four hours, of the thousands who have fallen into a *snare*, into utter misery and despair, in consequence of their eager haste to get rich, the tale of woe would make all quake and shiver with utter horror."

"Colonel, you talk old fashioned sober truth now—forgive me for saying so to your face, if you please sir, but your eloquent ideas chime in exactly with my homely notions, and therefore I feel pleased. Believe me, sir, I would not move to this good city to live, and I know it is one of the best places on the turtle shell of this round world—by the way, Colonel, I believe some fool-osophers are of the candid opinion that this world is not exactly round, but long-ish like, and a little slanting at both ends like a goose egg, more than like an orange. But that's nothing here or there, as a body may say. As I was going on to observe, I would not be obligated to live here in this city, cooped up like an old gobbler in a sugar box, right in the midst of dust, smoke, dirty air, and poor pump water, for that noble mansion house of yours, as you call it, and all your block of ware houses, and ships. What would be the use for a rusty, hard-fisted old codger like me to try to live in that bursting great house of yours? In the first place, when I got to the door steps, I'd have to take out my big jack knife, or pick up a chip and scrape the mud and dust off my thick, clumsy clodhopper old cow-hide boots, and then I must march up those nice, white marble steps, and then walk on your rich grandee carpets. O no Colonel, bother my old pate, I can't stand that. I was there once, and the women and girls looked so droll, as if they were just ready to titter all out together, that I thought then you should never catch me in that pen again very soon."

"Friend Clodpole, I am very sorry indeed," says the Colonel, "if my wife and daughters were at all rude, or did not treat you with proper respect and due consideration, as the worthy, though plain agricultural friend of their husband and father, for they certainly know my opinions, feelings and wishes on all these matters."

"O, no Colonel, no such thing as that; don't misunderstand me, my dear sir. Your wife was as lady-like as a Queen, and so smooth spoken and said every thing so easy like, as if butter would'n't melt on her tongue, and your girls were all so nice and proper, and walked about so like cats watching mice, so soft and quiet, that it *did* make

me feel kind of droll and awkward. The dinner was so good too, and all that; but you can't wonder that I lost my appetite almost, when you just think for a moment how different it was from what my plain home is in every thing about it, up there in the country. There is my plain two-story house, built with hewn logs you know, and my small fifty acre farm, snug little barn, wagon house, garden, well, and other things—and there's my son ploughing, going to mill, hauling lime-stone, and all that kind of thing, as our out-door business; no servants or hirelings, you know. Tom and I carry on the whole concern ourselves. Then if you pass into our house, there's Aunt Polly in the kitchen, with her two girls, cooking, washing, making sausages, putting up pickles, and all them sort o' combustibles, as a body may say, to kindle up the internal fires of animal life, and give vital energy to this machine we all carry about with us. There's *my* home, Colonel, and it's good enough for *me*; for as the old saw has it, "home's home, if it is ever so homely"—and I have always found it so. Give me the country, where I can breathe the pure air of heaven as God made it, drink cold water, and enjoy the freedom to rove in the woods when and where I please—give me the health, happiness and peace of a farmer's life, and your rich, grandee and quality gentlemen, may have the city with all its artificials, fandangles, flummeries, dandy-jacks, dancing monkeys, flammy-diddles, birds in little hen coops, forty-penujahs, what-nots, and what-d'ye call 'ems."

"Yes, Squire, I know all about it; what you say has volumes of truth in it. And, sir, when people get up in the world as they call it, even by hard work and industrious attention to business, they are never satisfied, but are continually aping those above them in rank or riches—those who they suppose above them as the world goes. There now was an instance I will relate to you for illustration. Mr. Simon Squeezehard began life by sawing peg-wood; he then went to peddling tin ware. After making money a few years, he went into merchandising, and got rich. His whole soul was bent on money and dashing splendor. Then he fancied he could associate with the tallest aristocracy—the 'royal bloods'—those who pride themselves on, not only their wealth, but their pedigree; their stock and family name, and their wealth obtained, not by vulgar labor, but royal inheritance. Mr. Squeezehard imagined the moment he was a hundred thousander, he could just go where he pleased, among any aristocrats and nabobs whatever. But he found his mistake. At every attempt he made to squeeze himself in among the lords, he was repulsed, frowned down, and kicked out.

"Passing along one day, a knot of these big fellows were standing at the corner of the street, and Squeezehard thought they knew him, and wished to be recognised by them, as they had bought goods of him frequently. So says he, 'Good morning, gentlemen—fine weather.' No body spoke; the nabobs were dumb as beetles.

"A mutual acquaintance present introduced him. 'Mr. Squeezehard, gentlemen.'

"'Ah! hum, Mr. Squeezehard. Who is he? O yes, I see,' bringing up their quizzing-glasses to the eye in an insulting manner. 'Why, Mr. Squeezehard, I imagined I had settled your account, sir.'

"This was a terrible cut."

"Colonel, what is a quizzing-glass, sir? for I do not know, myself, though I have often heard or read of them."

"Why, Squire, it is a small glass, originally designed to be used by near-sighted people, to help them see persons and objects at some distance; but they are often used in these days of fashion and folly, just to insult or quiz people as the name indicates."

"I thank you, sir, for the explanation. Well, now, this Mr. Squeeze-hard must be very unhappy, after toiling to get rich, and now be spurned by the very men whom he most desires to please."

"Yes, Squire, he is galled miserably; and stung to madness, increases his efforts to make a grand display, as much as to say to them, 'Gentlemen, I will let you all see what a grand house I can build, and what a splash I can make.' He made a costly preparation for a splendid party, invited two hundred of the quality, and only about twenty-five came."

"Why, sir," says I, "the poor sinner must feel like Haman. Now what a pitiful farce all this is; it makes me laugh when I think of it, and more than ever feel contented with my own humble lot. These lovers of fashion are devoured with the fires of passion and folly."

"Yes, Squire, but it is very difficult to make fashionable people believe these doctrines, especially the women; they are naturally fond of dress and show, and they *will* be gratified, in one way or another, in spite of husbands, fathers, hard times, politics, Clodpoles or Parsons. There is nothing like the *will* of a head-strong woman, if her husband is able to pay her bills—nothing like it, not even the dogged obstinacy of the duellist and demagogue."

"Well, Colonel, this living in in great cities makes women prouder than *nature* itself made them, and that is needless; so you see a country life is good on the score of economy, even for rich men, as well as poor men."

"So it is, Squire, no doubt about it, sir, at all in my mind, though some of us must live in cities to carry on the various kinds of business that seem necessary, even for the comfort and convenience of you farmers, as well as for our own. Where would you buy your cloths, calicoes, molasses, sugar, salt and other things, if we all lived in the country? Town and country both have their advantages. I love the city in the winter, and the country in the summer. There are many comforts and privileges here in this great city which cannot be had in the country with all its good air, good water, and other healthy, quiet and peace-giving influences. Now for instance, in the winter we have so many valuable, instructive lectures, from men of highly cultivated minds, from all parts of the country, and sometimes from other countries. Now, sir, it is my humble opinion, that we not only need religious, moral and literary instruction, but relaxation and amusement also. Yes, I say, *amusement*; so that if we wish to put down theatres, balls, and circus exhibitions, and build up a system that gives us rational amusement, with useful knowledge and profitable instruction the best thing in this world we can do, is to patronize these lectures. There our children too are assisted in their education."

"Yes, Colonel, these lectures are very good for you and all who have time and money to enjoy them;—but how many poor men there are, who seek in vain for the poor, pitiful privilege of obtaining hard work to do, that they may have bread for their wives and children, while their rich relations and neighbors are wasting thousands of dollars in luxury and dissipation; how many broken-hearted widows, and cold, hungry, suffering children—destitute of good food and schools too—how many foolish, giddy-headed girls, and half-grown rowdies and vagabonds there are in this city, who will never enjoy these lectures. Then again, I don't know where the vast benefit is, any how you can fix it. We that live in the country, can have our books to read, as well as you in the city; children in the country are more talented and studious, more moral and industrious, than in the city. It is as much as a boy's neck is worth to bring him up in this great town. Here are fires, rows, grog shops, billiards, gambling, bad houses of every vile, filthy grade, so that temptation and damnation go hand in hand through the streets, ready to devour their victims like sharks and alligators. Ah, sir, it makes my bones quake when I ponder over these things in my midnight cogitations, and wide-awake, daylight reflections. I tremble for the safety of my children, even where they are, and have no desire that they should *ever* see this city at all, in all their lives. It makes me serious as any parson, but not wise as a philosopher, for the contemplation of these things puts me to my wits' end, and no doubt has puzzled wiser men than either of us, Colonel, to provide a remedy for such evils, saving your presence, sir."

"Squire, I tell you what it is; our preachers, school masters, newspapers, temperance societies, and other institutions, do much good. But the whole country has been thrown into a state of excitement during the last fifteen years, that has almost ruined us as a nation. Our business, our currency and credit have all been prostrated—trampled in the dust. Our affairs will never be settled down and regulated, until Henry Clay is elected President of the United States. Ever since Old Hickory first came into power, what have we had but one continued series of demagogues, destructives, defalcations, forgeries, bankruptcies, duels, murders, and all the species of crime that curse and afflict the human race. People may vote politics a humbug, and all of no use; but sir, if our free institutions are of such great value and paramount importance, it is as much the duty of all good men to vote and use all proper means to elect good men to office, as it is to read their bibles, provide for their families the comforts of life, and educate their children. Just think of the thousands who have been ruined in business, morals and reputation since the United States Bank was destroyed, and so many crazy banks sprung up in place of it, making paper money as plenty as mushrooms and toad-stools, and about as worthless. Look at the whole race of rag money and shin-plasters; and all this outrageous and abominable humbuggery perpetrated and palmed off on the honest, hard-working, debt paying mechanics, farmers, tradesmen, and other industrious classes of society, in the sacred name of Democracy. Squire, we must have a peaceful, political revolution, bring the Whig party into power, and I believe it will

be a great national blessing. I have no party hatred or unkind feelings to indulge against those of our fellow citizens who differ with me in political opinion. I agree with the Democrats in some of their principles, but not in all. I believe the great mass of our countrymen of all political parties are honest, and sincere lovers of their country and its institutions. But I am afraid many of the leaders, office-holders and office-seekers are full of deception. It seems as if such men, under the influence of a towering ambition—an overwhelming passion, not so much to *do* some great act, as to *be* something—as if, in the pursuit of their superlatively selfish and aggrandizing designs, would sell themselves, soul and body to this spirit of pride, and throw in their families and their country for nothing; a mere feather in the balance. I look upon the elevation of Henry Clay to the Presidency, by the voice of his countrymen, a majority of them, as a desirable object, and worth all our honorable efforts to achieve. I will not use the heathen terms—*destiny* and *fate*—but I say Providence seems to be directing and overruling events to bring about Clay's election. Patriotism, eloquence, poetry and music, will pour out their treasures in his cause. Christians will pray for him. Prayer and devotion will be enlisted in his behalf, and praise will go up to heaven for his success, I trust and believe."

Here Ben Bobkins, who had now been standing with us during this long confab, and who gaped with earnest curiosity at the Colonel during his out-pouring of Whiggery and Clay shots—not mud cannon balls—Ben, I say, began to feel his whiskers, hitch and wiggle about like a hen on a hot griddle, or a tadpole in muddy water, and drawing up near to us, showed evident signs of firing off a few hard hickory-nuts at the Colonel, to pay for his soft, but heavy Clay cannon balls. In other words, being a warm-hearted, honest Loker foker, he seemed to have a nest of ideas in his noddle, that seemed to be raising a rebellion like five mice in a stocking, and struggling for utterance.

"So" says he, "Kurnel, I can't pretend tu talk ekwull tu such gentlemen as yourself and other men of much larnin and slick words, that slip off uv their tungs like butter from a hot nife, or little round shot from a shovel. But if you will allow me tu give my noshuns about these State's affairs, I will jist observe that I think Ginerall Jackson one of the tuffest old fellers for hard fitin that I ever hearn tell on in this ere diggins or any uther. The way he run agin the wild Simmy-nole Injuns and gave 'em a likin was a caution to double headed Dutchmen, who shet up both pepers when they shoot at any thing at all. Then agin, ony see as as how the old veteran soger piled up the cotton bags down in them sugar swamps at Nu-Orryleans, and gin Jonny Bull's lubberly calves such another drubbin as they didn't get, nor had'nt had for many a day. Dear me, Kurnel, didn't he rout 'em out, pop 'em over like shootin ducks, lords, ginerals, sassy nabobs and what-nots, and send 'em back (what was left on 'em) to old Ingland with a *flea* in their ears, and a terrible yankee hummin in their heads. Hurra for Jackson and democracy, the hero of Nu-Orryleans, the man what used up that awful monster, the great Bank, where the Britishers had hid so much gold and silver, to buy up the poor white fokes of

this free country, and make 'em all slaves, worse agin nor niggers; ha, ha, ha. If it hadn't a been for good old Hickory with his heavy heeled boot to crush the foul monster, Nick Biddle, Webster and Clay would have had a king and queen over us poor, hard working sellers long afore this time, I tell you, no mistake, Kurnel."

"Well, well, friend Bobkins, you are an honest well-meaning man, and I presume you think all you say is true. But it is a most laughable farce, that furious, swearing, rum-steaming country politicians, in their windy stump-speeches, lies, flattery, threats, bombast and brag-gings, should deceive thousands of plain, honest, industrious and christian men, and make them believe any tale, however false, absurd and ridiculous, if it is well spiced with Jackson democracy, British Bank and Bentonian yellow jackets. We must have the 'Schoolmaster abroad,' to teach the next generation better things."

"Colonel," says I, "how can you wonder at my abhorrence of all party politics—the whole boodle of it, when I hear such droll talk. Now here is neighbor Bobkins, who owns that he can't read or write an atom, tho' he can *think*, and hear other folks talk, spout their stump speeches, preach, sing, and all that sort of thing; and Ben has a tolerable good knowledge box in common, every-day things, and that kind of common sense which fits him well for his duties to his family and the community, of which he is a member. But, my dear sir, with all due respect for yourself and other gentlemen who have studied these things, I ask, in the name of common sense, what is the use of such men as Ben and I, and thousands of others like us, to be bothering our heads with politics, quarelling with our neighbors about Hickory poles and Clay clubs, hard cider, log-cabins, Van Buren, cabbage and sour-kROUT, till the whole neighborhood is as sour as a swill-tub, all in a ferment like Aunt Polly's jug of yeast, and all by the ears, as if a barrel of mad hornets were turned loose among them. We men that have to work for our living, have no time to waste in such tom-foolery and nonsense. We had better be studying the tactics of our own moral conduct—the tactics of animals and insects, or even the philosophy of sheep-tics, so as to destroy them, rather than to be blowing up these soap-bubbles of politics, just to see other folks blow them down again."

"Why, Squire," says he, "as things are, we must have parties in politics I suppose. It is a good thing for the country; one party watches the other, and in that way, a constant vigilance is kept up over the whole nation."

"Aye, Colonel; would it not be vastly better if 'all hands and the cook,' as they say aboard a vessel, would just turn to, and watch themselves; and then watch their business and their families. Let all farmers especially; and other classes of working men, attend to this. We had better watch the worms, bugs and grass-hoppers in our fields and gardens, and see that they don't get more than their share of the crop—we allow them a little; as they all must have a living as well as other folks. We had better watch our cattle, hogs and horses, and try to improve the breed, make them more useful and profitable, watch the weeds about our gardens and farms, and keep them down, and cul-

tivate the minds of our children, that the weeds of ignorance, briars of passion, and thistle-down of fashion, humbug and blathering, windy party politics, be kept out of them. That is my way of looking at all these things.

"How many people have left their business and neglected their families, to go loafing, drinking, smoking and jawing together at nasty low-lived rum taverns, bawling, blathering, swearing, betting and gambling, filling the place with noise and confusion, worse than Bedlam; getting into fights, riots and mobs, under the diabolical influence of whiskey, and angry passions, stirred up by pride, laziness, office-hunting, and the petty despotism of third-rate county politicians, and impudent, mischief-making demagogues in little villages, who aspire to be the great men of the place—raise a tempest in a tea-pot, or a whirlwind in a tea-kettle; threaten all the ignorant men who wout bow down to and vote for them; scare all the old women, talk soft sawder and blarney to the young ones, to get the votes of their sweet-hearts, and praise up all the children to flatter their mammas.

"Out upon all this I say, Colonel. I tell you, sir, of all the tyrants in this land of freedom as we call it, the most heartless and unrelenting is your little three-fip village demagogue, who rules the whole roost with brazen impudence, if the people are soft sawny enough to let him, and kicks up a row if any body is manly enough to oppose him. We have plenty of these little-great men all over the country, who dispute with the parson, kick the school-master out of his dominions and cow-hide him, or threaten to without doing it, like other cowards; bully the whole people if they wout vote for them, and threaten to shoot all political opponents who come in contact with their vain, pompous, bombastical royal highness.

"We want the curry-comb and scrubbing-brush of education, common sense and true patriotism, to put down all such stuff and nonsense, and teach such impudent upstarts better manners and behaviour—to settle them down to their proper level in society, and compel them by the force of a wholesome public opinion, to go to work at some honest business, and be of some use to themselves and others. Mr. Van Buren's experience might be of use to them; he says that since he quit politics and went to raising cabbage, he has been a happier man. That's the best thing Martin ever said.

"Nothing like farming, sir, to cool men down, be they used up politicians, bankrupt merchants, starving lawyers, doctors, parsons, poets, authors, school-masters, crazy philosophers, infidels, sceptics with the *high-po* or *low-po*, humfluggins or what-not, hard-work with an honest heart, brings on a wholesome perspiration, gives a man a sharp appetite, makes his knowledge-box bright and clear as a glass house, and strong as granite; makes him see things through the medium of common sense, improves his health, puts new life and vigor into him, and makes him quiet, peaceful and happy, if he attends to all other duties also—*cæteris paribus*, as the college men say.

"O sir, there is nothing like old mother earth for us all. She gave us birth—gives us food and drink, and will *cradle* and harvest us all at last. Why need we bother our heads about any other planet?

why fret away our seven senses with moon-struck poets, in gazing at the sun, moon and stars? Perhaps in a future and happier state of existence, we may be mercifully permitted with nobler intellectual powers, to know more of the other planets, and the illimitable universe, spread out by the hand of the Creator in boundless space. But I think all men, however wise and learned, in their own eyes, or those of others, may find room for all science to operate in, in the wide fields of agriculture, mechanics, education, morals and religion, without wasting so much time, talents and energy, at much other expense, *in the study of ten thousand things which man in this life can never know, and which would do no good if they were known.*

"How much better it is for us to stick to the plain, easy path of duty, and move straight along in the good old way in which all honest, sensible men have always tried to do, than to soar upward on the wings of imagination, in our foolish, ambitious aspirings, till we fly like a blind bat into the dark regions of mysticism, doubt and despair—run ourselves against the breakers and sand-bars of destruction, and plunge into the deep, overwhelmed by the waves that break over the ocean of time, and be buried forever in gloom from the sight of men, leaving them no bright beacon, glittering in the rainbow of hope—but clouds and storms and dread dismay!

"How much better is it that we plod along in the path of common sense, than tread the high-way of science, 'falsely so called,' and wear the names of wise men and philosophers—so that we lead others in the paths of honest peace of mind, and rational happiness, rather than blind, dazzle and bewilder, as many of these pretended systems of philosophy do? You may as well hunt for a fine cambric needle in a hay-stack—try to fish up tad-poles from the Atlantic ocean with a salmon net, or try to raise corn on the paved streets, as to try to find good thoughts in some of the writings of our most learned college men.

"Sir, these colleges ought to be looked into, ploughed up, harrowed down, raked and sifted by the common people, the mechanics and farmers. What is the use in having mills to grind out so many lawyers, doctors, and classical chaps, to talk soft sawder to the women, and gull their living out of other folks, when they would be of more use at the pick-axe, fore-plane, or blacksmith's forge? The hard-fists in this land must wake up, take hold of the breaking up plow of public opinion, hitch on a strong team of *free presses*, and *press* through and break up this rotten mass of society, turn over the sod of hard 'upper crust,' and bring up the *sub-soil* to the light of meridian day. Then will brainless fops, strut-bugs, tape-cutters, counter-hoppers, genteel loafers, polite vagabonds, quacks, empirics, gullers and humbugs, sink to their proper level, and black boots, scrape streets, saw wood, cut hoop-poles, or dig at some useful employment for their grub. Then will the science of moonshine, the philosophy of soft soap and gullibility, the windy declamation of stumping ranters, give place to common sense and right eloquence with true love of country."

While I was spinning out this long fuzz-ball as we stood in the street, a gentleman near by, who stood in the door of his store, and

seemed to be attracted with our conversation, came up and invited us into his store to take a seat. The Colonel introduced me to this gentleman as Mr. Reuben Radical, merchant. I found him a whole-hog Jackson Democrat.

"Squire Clodpole," says he, "my worthy friend here, the Colonel, has been laying down his opinions in a very emphatic and strong manner, and I respect both him and his opinions, and you too, sir. But, sir, we must hear both sides and then judge each for ourselves. I look upon the Whig party as the real nabobs and aristocracy of the nation. Look at the United States Bank, with all its moneyed power, with a rich, talented man like Nicholas Biddle at the head of it, to wield its immense power—a power in the hands of one man to raise up or crush down the prosperity of the whole nation—make or break its business by one scrape of his monarch pen. Is such a money-king, such a money-power a safe institution in this country? Sir, I believe its more dangerous than a standing army. I rejoice that the old Hero had moral principle and nerve enough to crush the mammoth money-monster under the heel of his executive veto. His fame will brighten through all coming time as the very Napoleon of democracy, the unconquerable hero in the cause of the poor man, of down-trodden and oppressed humanity. The career of Jackson is one of the brightest and most glorious in the annals of the human race! And let me tell you, Squire, that Tom Benton is the only man in this nation fit to tread in the footsteps of his 'illustrious predecessor'—the immortal hero of New Orleans."

While Mr. Radical was pouring out this jug full of hickory nuts, like a bag of humble-bees, or a leather stocking full of yellow wasps and hornets, in answer to the Colonel's Whiggery, and to my no-party, mind-your business, and stay-at-home politics, Ben Bobkins gaped and stared at him with delight, and his eyes brightened up, and stuck out so, you could almost hang your hat on 'em, as they say sometimes down East.

The fact is, that Ben was mightily pleased to hear his democratic friend crow so loud, and hurrah for Jackson the hero of New Orleans, in such a talented eloquent manner; and I could see by his movements that he thought the Colonel was middling well used up. After some general conversation among us all, about the weather, farming, killing bed-bugs, catching grass-hoppers to feed chickens with, shooting musketoes and other *varmints*, we all separated, and Ben Bobkins and I with Benny, pushed on in our perambulations about town, poking our long noses into one bothered place or another, to see what sort of *critters* there are in the world.

We went into rum-taverns, grog-shops, billiard-rooms, and other places, where we saw gamblers, idlers, drunkards, and all sorts of lazy loafers, from the genteel, big-whiskered monkey tribe, who strut about town, cheating their living out of tailors, hatters, shoe-makers and honest, hard working women, who keep boarding houses, down to the toper who lounges about all day, ragged and half-starved to death, and sleeps in an old hogshead or lime box at night, or under a pile of boards, just as he can get a chance.

"O daddy," says little Benny, "jes look thar, what kind o' critters is them ar, what looks so much like rats a peekin out uv a bunch of moss or horse hair? ony see 'em dad. Their faces look so like humans, but hair all round 'em, like them thar monkeys what we seen up to our diggins, when the grand caravan come along, you no, eh?"

"Why, boy," says Ben, "them fellers is what they call dandies and fashionable gentlemen; some on 'em has rich daddies and mammas, so they jist goes about town, drinkin grog, smokin cigars, lookin at the city gals, laffin, talkin nonsense, and doin nothin for a livin at all. Some on 'em aint got no rich relations, 'cause they have spent all their money, and as these big, lazy lubbers once had rich friends, now they have fooled away all their money, they jis go about doin nothin, ony gunnin, playin billiards, ridin out in carriages, and pretendin to be rich and genteel, when they aint worth a leather jacknife to their names. They runs in debt for their clothes and never pays; they gits other fokes to invite 'em home to dinner, and by wisiting and spungin on every body as won't kick 'em out of their houses they manage to get along, and live without workin. They calls it vulgar to work, Benny, because as how they say it makes their hands look hard and dirty, and they say all gentlemen should wear gloves on their hands, and keep them clean and white, all nice to shake hands with the ladies. I expect these fellers when they gits so hard up for the want of cash, when they borrows all they can and never pays, when they gambles and loses, and nobody won't give 'em nothin, and they wont go to work and airn nothin, cause they are too proud and lazy. I expects it is then that they goes to hooken things as what don't belong to 'em, and sells 'em to raise the wind; right down stealin, that is Benny. And when these fellers once begins to steal, Benny, the owdacious willins grows wurser and wurser, till they robs and shoots fokes for their money, and has to go the prison or the gallus. O, Benny, its a dreadful thing to think on, my boy; we are poor, and have to work hard for our livin, but we git it honestly, and that makes us comfortable and happy. But them willins as what never was brot up to any kind of honest hard work, and cheats fokes, they are dreadful guilty, miserable wretches upon airth. Ah, my boy, I hope you will always be honest, industrious and sober, and then you will do well, be prosperous and happy, and honest fokes will all like you, and help you along."

I was very much amused with this confab between my neighbor Bobkins and his little boy, and was glad to hear him talk so to him. This conversation was caused by our meeting several young men of the dandy order, and little Benny had never seen any of the curious *critters* before in his life.

"Squire," says Ben to me, "your grandee friend, Colonel Tallman, talks like a book, dont he? did you twig what he said about women tho? so airnest, and plain spoken too. Squire, I would'nt a mite wonder if he node by bitter experience, something about headstrong, extravagant women; maybe his wife and galls too, who look so dredful nice, spend his money, and run in debt owdaciously, and then you no he has got to pay the bills, and maybe have a botherashun and blow-up with 'em at home, and a real hurra. That's what the rich fokes calls the billyus fever I reckon; ain't it Squire?"

"I expect it is Ben," says I, "for these rich men have to pay some most abominable bills, where their women run in debt. Why Ben, some of them think nothing of giving twenty dollars for a pocket handkerchief, fifty to a hundred dollars for a shawl or a cloak, and every thing else in proportion. One of these fashionable women will wear enough on her back at once, to buy a farm. These rich men and fashionable women have a heap of trouble and botheration, jawing and quarreling in their families, among their proud, dissipated sons, and foolish, vain and scornful daughters, that you and I know nothing about. But they have money, and can hush up, and cover over these things, when if they happened in a poor man's family, it would be the town's talk, and the people would almost tar and feather 'em. But riches cover up a multitude of sins and iniquity."

"Yes, Squire," says Ben, "riches and rich men, proud extravagant women, and lyin lawyers, with the help of wicked, unjust judges on the bench, kiver up a heap of sins. If a poor feller, half starved to death, hooks a fip, or a loaf of bread, to keep his poor soul from jumpin out of his feeble body, the law jumps on him like a tiger or a bloody bull-dog in a minit, and they use him up at wunst, no mercy on the poor miserable, no more nor if he was a nigger at auction. But if one of them ar gamblin loafers, what wears fine cloth, and has rich relations, if he steals a few hundred dollars in broad day light to spend on a spree, and happens to get caught, then the law, all at wunst is as crooked as a ram's horn, as snarly as the odds and eends of tangled nittin work, as full of sharp pints as a nest of hornets, and larned lawyers and long headed judges will bring the rich feller out of the big eend of the horn, as slick as a lizzard. Squire, there's a great deal of humbug mixed up with eenamost every thing now-adays that humans has enny thing to do with—and I sumtimes think larned men with all their big talk and slick words, sharp eyes and noin looks; these doctors, lawyers, judges, college larned parsons, and full-oso-fers, are the biggest humbugs of all, 'cept human natur itself, which I believe is greatest of all, where it runs wild, without regulation—it's worse nor a wild hoss, the big bug of all—the *perlific* grand-daddy of all humbugs. Dear me, Squire, what a terrible hummin and buzzin they all *du* make in the world, tu be shure."

"Ben," say I, "if you don't quit thinking about those matters, you will get as crazy as a bed-bug, or a raving distracted hand-saw. You talk about hummins; why man, if such a shallow pate as you are, get to bothering your noddle about Millerism, Mesmerism, Metaphysics, old side and new side, radicalism, reform, and all those things, with a thousand other *isms*, your head will get like what the old woman who had the hypo told the quack doctor—or the doctor told her, I guess—no matter much which."

Says he, "Madam, the sery bellum of your knowledge-box, in consequence of a serious and decided concussion of the nocturnal membrane in contact with inanity has suffered a most violent lapsus linkum!—there is something in your head, that continually goes tiz-arizzum, tiz-arizzum, like wagon wheels when they want greasing!"

"O doctor, doctor," says she, "what a dreadful larned man you are,

for you are the only one that has described my *feelins* exactly, better nor I could do it myself, by half. You must be one of them are transsendenters I hearn tell on, what we poor common people can't tell what they mean, when we hear 'em talk."

"Yes, madam," says he, "I am a transcendentalist. I soar on the wings of fancy into the sublime regions of never-catch-me, the clouds and mists of incomprehensibility, like a wildgoose in a whirlwind of mental and moral midnights, and perch on the mountain summits of cant-see-me-no-how-you-can-fix-it, like a blind gobbler on a hen roost! I dive into the depths profound of learned profundity, like a tad-pole in the ocean, a terrapin in the mud, or a flea in a bag of feathers, and am forever lost in wise and learned meditation, like a blind bat in the fathomless void of empty space."

"Dear me, doctor, aint it shockin hard work? I should much rather wash or knit all day myself, and I should think that would be a tuff job for men, sayin nothin about women's divin so deep; for my old man wunst went down in a divin bell, and he come pretty near never seein day light agin; and there was my son Sam, the harum-scarum feller, he tried to make a machine to fly—soaring up, I think he called it. Wal, the critter gets up on the pig pen with his flyin consarn, and when he was jist ready to *soar*, he fell whack into the pig pen among the hogs, got a sore head, and like to broke his neck."

"Now Ben, I want you to put that in your pipe and smoke it. It's no sort of use for you and me to trouble ourselves with every thing that's going on in the world. Our great business in this world is to follow the teachings of the good book, do our duty to our families and every body else, be honest, industrious, humble and prayerful, and then we will have peace, plenty, health and happiness, as a general thing. We know indeed, that all these comforts and blessings are liable to interruption, change, loss and disappointment. But what of that? all these trials and losses shall prove to us most glorious blessings, if we all *live right*. O that all men would simply remember those two short words,—*live right*. How easy to do that. But you say, "how shall we live right? that is the very thing we wish to know." Here is the rule. "Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." What a glorious consolation it is to be enabled through grace to bear all our trials as blessings, as the needed corrections of our Father in heaven, who loves us better than all earthly friends possibly *can*, and who knows what is best for us. Ben, there is a great deal of deception, injustice and cruelty, in the world, as you suppose. It makes me sad and heavy hearted when I think of it. But let us remember those things about which there is no deception. Our farming is a reality; no mistake here. By our labor we obtain an honest living. The bible is a reality; a present, a glorious, an eternal reality. *There is no mistake here!* O that I could engrave the line on every human heart, with the pencil of truth, *there is no mistake here!* Let us then walk in the straight and narrow way pointed out to us in its pages, by the Saviour of men, that so we may happily find our way through this world of trouble, to the better world,

"Where sickness, sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more."

"Squire, you talk so like our good minister, parson Preachwell, that it makes me feel as sober as a deacon. You cant wonder, Squire, that there has bin so much noise and fuss in our village, and talk and hub-bub among the neighbors, about religious things, because Millerism, old side and new side, mesmerism, and what-not, has set the people all by the ears, and turned our happy little village almost up-side down. I have been so discomboberated about these things, that half the time I did'nt no what to 'believe, and what not, that's a fact. I've bin real bothered and sometimes felt dredful unhappy, Squire, worse nor you or mv family node enny thing about—I *tell* you."

"I know all about it, Ben, I understand all these things from long and bitter experience. I have felt much for you, and for others of our neighbors, in the midst of all this excitement, turmoil and both-eration. My own mind has never been at all excited or troubled about Millerism, tho' I certainly esteem and respect highly some of those who have believed and preached the doctrines; they seem to have studied their bibles more faithfully than any body else I have met with of late. I feel reproved by them myself. I abhor the conduct, however, of some cowardly papers, now the time is past, who turn round and scoff at the Millerites, whose editors probably pray and read their bibles but little, altho' they profess to be luminaries to light the world, on many matters. May heaven have mercy on us, and save us all from being led astray by the false light of all these self-styled luminaries, whose brightest sheen is reflected from the altar of Mammon, be they sun, moon or stars in the world's firmament, and send us celestial Visitors, free as the wind, *unenslaved* by a corrupt public opinion, glittering with diamonds from the rain-bow of Hope, and scattering life, light and freedom every where. But I see I am rather running off the plain track, Ben, as I want to talk plain English to you, as that suits my notions best, and no doubt you understand that kind of talk the easiest."

"That's a fact, Squire; you generally talk so that any body at all can tell what you mean. But jest now, when you got on your high heels, and begun to talk about sky-scrapers, and all them stars and things, I cant follow you; that kind of talk must be kept for poets as you call 'em, and other larnt men."

"Well Ben; I will try to keep in the plain way; but I guess somebody will understand that, if you don't. It takes philosophers, with a good telescope, to see spots on the Sun, and sights in other planets. Ben, the great idea I wished to impress on your mind, was this; now that you have become temperate and reformed, be thankful; take another step. Become a man of prayer, a humble, faithful, bible christian, and leaving all these Isms, and *politics* too, move straight-along, fix your eye on the Lord Jesus, trust in Him, and you will find that wisdom, knowledge, peace and happiness, which is worth more than all the philosophy, eloquence, poetry and learned wisdom of all the men of talents, genius and wit, that ever lived, without

that one treasure, *the pearl of great price*. The religion of the bible is worth more than all other things, and it is freely offered to *all* men. O, take it my friend, and let all else go, for go they must very soon; all our treasures, our homes, friends, farms or other possessions—yea, even our lives too, *all* must be swept away by Time, the great destroyer, and we ourselves, our immortal spirits, be wafted to the unknown, untried world. O, let us all be wise enough to secure the best treasure in the Universe, the Religion of the Bible.”

“Squire, I know I’ve bin a poor miserable sinner,—a drinkin, swearin man, and its truly an astonishin wonder that I’ve not bin cut down in all my misery and sins like many other poor, degraded sots. Its a mercy that I’m alive this day. I’ve mourned and cried and suffered much. But its dredful uphill bizness to get good, when a feller has sunk so low as I have; but I thank God I am not as bad off as I have bin, and I hope in his mercy, and mean to try hard to do better, and grow better. When I see the awful wickedness of this great city, I’m glad that I’ve lived in the country, and that my family are there. Dear me, if I had bin raised in this place, I’m afeard I would have bin ruined teetotally long afore this.”

“Well, my dear fellow, trust in that good Providence that has rescued you from the vileness of drunkenness, and made you a sober, industrious and happy man, in a good *degree*, and made you once more a comfort and blessing to your neighborhood and family. Resolve daily in the strength of God to do your duty, to seek salvation, and push your onward way to heaven, and I hope and trust we may finally meet there the millions of happy redeemed souls, who have gone up through great tribulation, and triumphed over all affliction—the blessed ‘spirits of just men made perfect,’ who join in the glorious anthems of heaven, and unite their voices with angels, in the celestial music of that bright and glorious world, which ‘eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.’”

CHAPTER VI.

Containing a variety of matters on various subjects, which will be found interesting to parsons, poets, philosophers, fools and silly-pates of all kinds, as well as to clod hoppers and other honest hard-working folks.

I went to my hotel, and left Ben after the conversation and very serious interview contained in the last chapter; here I found the Yankee schoolmaster, Mr. Timothy Tutorall, who teaches our school in Snooksville, and boards with my family. The writings of this gentleman in the Saturday Visiter have been generally admired. He brought a letter to me from home, which I will give here, in explanation of matters and things, at this stage of the proceedings about this book of mine.

"SNOOKSVILLE, *April 1st, 1844.*

"*My Dear Father,*—This is all fools' day, but I am not going to try to make a fool of you, my dear old daddy, because I love and respect you too much, and you are such a shrewd, knowing old fellow, it wouldn't be any use for me to try—and then again I have too important matters to write about. Father, you must hurry home as fast as you can. Mother and the girls are half crazy to see you, and I feel lonesome myself; besides that, old Dobbin has kicked Longshanks and lamed him badly, and he wants seeing too. The grain looks well. I have ploughed up the corn ground, and am hauling out the lime. Old Brindle's calf is near a month old, and ought to be killed and sent to market. The old Berkshire sow has ten pigs; there are six broods of chickens hatched out. The goose and turkey have been setting three weeks, and the gander is missing—gone off on a fox-chase I expect.

Your loving son,

THOMAS CLODPOLE."

When I read this letter from my dear Tom, it made me as uneasy as a hen on a hot griddle. I flew round like a pea in a hot skillet, or parched corn in a Dutch oven. I fizzed, and fussed and figetted till I come near going off the handle. I was afraid to lose that good horse, old Longshanks, and that would sink all the profits of my book, and then I should almost wish I had never touched the thing, or bothered my head with literature, but staid at home and minded my own business, and let the booksellers go to grass. However, thinks I, old Clodpole, now don't act like a fool, but shew your philosophy, and keep calm as a summer's evening, and cool as a cucumber.

I invited the schoolmaster up to my chamber, and sitting down very composedly, took up my manuscript and read it all very carefully to him, and asked him to make such suggestions and alterations as he thought proper, as a learned critic and classical scholar, because I know his taste and style are more of the modern date than mine—because I am an old fashioned, rough, unfashionable rustic codger, the best way you can fix it. But Mr. Tutorall, the schoolmaster, is a gentleman and a scholar, as the editors say, and his writings have gone all over the land, and been copied into other papers, so that it can truly be said of him, “the schoolmaster is abroad.”

When we had got through, I said to him, “Now, Mr. Pedagogue, you are a man I know well, and you know me. I want you to tell me candidly what you think of my writings. Don’t poke any soft soap in my face, but if you think it all a heap of nonsense, just say so, and I will poke the whole concern into the fire at once, and clear out for home directly.”

“Well, Squire Clodpole,” says he, “I shall endeavor to speak my honest opinions as you have requested me, and I thank you kindly for the confidence you repose in my judgment. It is true, Squire, that many worthy, religious people will think some of your writings to be nothing but nonsense, when they would at the same time greatly admire the writings of many philosophers and metaphysicians, simple because they are clothed in high sounding, beautiful language, although they cannot understand a word scarcely of it at all. Your ridicule of philosophy run mad, of useless learning and the humbugs of fashionable life, I admire, and think they will do good. Your descriptions of country life, and domestic, rural scenes are graphic, humorous and attractive. I think the book will succeed well, please, instruct, and edify thousands, and put money in your pocket and into the coffers of your publishers. Sir, I most heartily wish you all success.”

“Mr. Pedagogue,” says I, “I thank you most kindly for all your good feelings and wishes. And now my dear sir, I have one more favor to ask of you, if I may presume on so doing. I must go home this day by the cars, and attend to my farm; Tom wants my assistance. I wish you, sir, to write a few pieces to fill out my book, go and see my publishers, superintend the printing and all that sort of thing, and you will place me under lasting obligations.”

“Why, Squire,” says Mr. Tutorall, “I am willing to do any thing in the world to accommodate you, sir, but it is a very delicate thing you ask, and the responsibility is great indeed.”

“No excuse, sir,” says I, “you can fix every thing all right, a heap better than I can do it myself. No mistake; so just go ahead, if you please. You understand!”

Mr. Public:—As my worthy friend, Squire Clodpole, has urged me into this business *nolens volens*, and as it is impossible for me to refuse any thing the old gentleman asks of me, I will now introduce myself as Timothy Tutorall, the author of “Recollections of a Yankee Schoolmaster,” and Principal of the Snooksville Academy, in Baltimore County, Maryland, near the Pennsylvania line. Squire Clod-

pole has left town, and I am now occupying his room at Dunning's hotel. I find the country people who stop here at the hotel, are very anxious to see his book published, and I shall finish it, and try to have it ready by the first of May, when the great conventions meet. I anticipate a rapid sale, and should be sorry to insert any of my own writings, that would have any tendency to diminish the popularity of Squire Clodpole himself. I will here insert some articles selected from his own papers which he left with me, to finish out this chapter, and then give my own writings in the next chapter. Here is a letter which was published in that popular newspaper, the "*Baltimore Saturday Visiter*," which may well be styled the "*Literary Journal of the United States*." This letter was very popular at the time of its publication, especially among the farmers, and I think it a pity it should be lost.

Letter from Squire Clodpole to his son Tom.

BALTIMORE, July 3d, 1843.

Dear Tommy,—You know the other day I had old Dobbin Gray and Long Shanks harnessed up in our market wagon, and that I come off to town, early in the morning, having left Snooksville at half past three o'clock. Ben Bobkins came along with me, as times being dull in the country, he wanted to get employment in the city. I sold out my load over at the Bel-Air market, and came back to Dunning's hotel, where we had stopped. Here I took off my old "rusticuffs" of clothes, and put on a new suit. 'Thinks I, old Clodpole, you are now going down into the busy part of the city, where you will see some city gentlemen. So you must slick yourself up. So I just put on my bran-fire-new suit, corduroy breeches, and frock coat, stout cow-hide boots pulled on over the bottom of my inexpressibles, my broad rim white hat, drab waist-coat, and no stock or handkerchief around my neck, but in place of it, a piece of black ribbon. Accoutred and equipped in this manner I took my stout old hickory cane, and started with Ben Bobkins on our peregrinations. Little Ben came with his daddy, too. As we came along one of the streets, we saw a drove of fat porkers, that seemed tired with their journey.

"O dad! jist look a' there—what in the name o' natur, are the men doing with that are hog—they are rolling him up into that Dutch-geboggin, or Yankee-jumper, as if he was a log o' wood."

Sure enough, one of the poor grunTERS, a very fat one; had laid down in the street to rest, and the men could get him no further. So some paddies had come with a dray, to pick him up like a log of wood, and roll him on. When the men had got him fairly loaded, poor porky tumbled off into the dirt, and made a most laughable scene. The people gathered round in large numbers. So they toted porky on a second time—and a second time he tumbled off. Then there was a roar of laughter. They tugged away again, loaded him up and drove off, the boys shouting as he went.

I then turned round and asked a gentleman if he would please tell me where the office of the *Saturday Visiter* was.

"Right there," says he, "only a few steps."

So I stepped into the office, and saw a young looking gentleman, that I supposed was the editor.

"Good morning, sir," says I. "Are you the editor of the Visiter?"

"Yes sir—walk in," said he.

"Well, I am old Clodpole, who wrote you that letter last summer, and this is my neighbor, Ben Bobkins, who takes your paper, and likes it mightily; and this is little Ben who reads your paper a heap, and is a right smart boy."

The editor was very polite.

"Come, walk in gentlemen," says he, "take a seat Squire Clodpole, I am happy in making your acquaintance. I doubt not, sir, your labors, your writings, and your industrious example, will do much for the cause of agriculture, education, and good morals in this country. That was a capital letter of yours; and when the nabob, the demagogue and humbugger has each sunk to eternal oblivion, the venerated name of Clodpole shall be held in grateful recollection by thousands of honest readers where my paper is read, throughout the country."

Well, Tommy, you may suppose that I felt rather droll at this unexpected burst of eloquence of my talented friend, so complimentary to myself; and such was the fact. The doctor (for he is a doctor, as they call him, I find,) then turned round, and says he, "Friend Bobkins, I am glad to see you, and all such honest, hard working men. You are the real democracy of the nation. Give me a hearty shake of your hard hand. It gives me more pleasure to greet you, than to shake the delicate hand of those fops and dandies who loaf about town, and sponge their living out of honest people."

"Benny," says he to Benny, "come here my son. How old are you?"

"Mama says I'll be sevin' years old next 'tatur diggin' time."

"Can you read and spell, my son?"

"Yes sir. I go to school to the 'Yankee Schoolmaster,' what writes for you; and the way he makes the boys git their lessons, and toe the mark, it is a caution."

"Well, my son, you seem to be a good boy; here is a little book for you. It will be of use to you. I like to see boys read!" says the editor, handing him a nice book.

Just at that time a man stepped into the office, with a note to the editor. After reading it, "Well, Squire," says he, "I have a polite invitation to dine at two o'clock, with the new proprietors of that favorite establishment, the Fountain Inn."

"Ah! indeed. I have often heard of that famous tavern."

"Well, do you and neighbor Bobkins go and dine with me at the hotel, as I am not going home to-day," says he.

"O, thank you, sir," says I, "we had better go back to our lodgings, where the farmers and market men all stop, over in Old Town. Why, the city gentlemen would all laugh at us so, we are such rough old fellows."

"O never mind that, Squire," says he, "the *real* gentlemen have all too much good sense to do that—and there will be none but gentlemen there."

But, Doctor," says I, "it would be imposing on the landlord, for us to go."

"O no, Squire," says he, "they are noble souled, generous men, fond of good company, and will be glad to see you."

"Well, Doctor, I think we will go, and thank you too," says I, "for maybe I can make a bargain to sell my butter and eggs to the landlord, when I come to market again."

Ben and I walked out awhile then, and agreed to come back at two o'clock.

"Squire, what a mighty nice sort o' man that Doctor is?" says Ben. "I'm sich an onlarnt sort of a feller myself, that I felt in there as if I hadn't three idees above a tadpole. I felt so mighty droll, just as if my head was growing small as a chinkypin shell, and empty as a bag o' nothin', and my thoughts leetler than the leetle end of nothin' at all, smoothed down with a currycomb. It makes me wish I had good larning when I was a boy."

Just then we met some bad boys in the street, and one of them bawled out: "Hurra boys, there goes a real jobunker from the backwoods; let's have sum fun out of him."

"Daddy," says he to neighbor Bobkins, "is your tatars dug yet?"

Says I, "Ben, just catch that impudent little *varmint*, and give him as complete a switching with your whip, as his mamma ever did."

"That I will, Squire," says he.

So he just gave him a good drubbing, and the boys all scampered home, as if the night-mare had been at their heels. I hope when they got home that night their mammas spanked them all well, and sent them to bed without their suppers.

My dear Tom, you can't think how many boys in this great city run about the streets like tumble bugs, bawling, swearing and idling away their time, just growing up to be rowdies, or "soaplocks," and all sorts o' scamps, to the tee total ruination of themselves, the disgrace of their daddies, and an expense and curse to society. Why, Tom, I would sooner see you grubbing briars, sweeping the streets, shovelling dirt or any thing of the sort, all your life, and be an honest man, than to see you turn out to be such a scamp, and go to Old Scratch at last, as I'm afeared them boys will do!

At two o'clock we came back to meet the editor, and with him marched down to the Fountain Inn. The Doctor introduced us to one of the landlords, who is a nice gentleman, and we all sat down to the grandest dinner I ever did see. I felt sort o' droll, myself, but Ben, he felt worse; he looked like a cat in a strange garret, every thing was so new and strange to him.

"Squire," says he, "what in the name o' natur, shall I do with that ar little towel, right on my plate there; may-be they think we old codgers ought to wash our hands 'fore eating such a splendiferous good dinner."

"I'll be tarred, Ben," says I, "if I know myself; just wait and let us see what the Doctor and the other gentlemen do." Directly we saw them take the nice little towel, and spread it in their lap; then we did the same. Directly a black boy comes along and says, "Have some soup, gentlemen?" We said yes! So he brings us soup plates.

Ben tastes of it, and kind o' puckers up his mouth, and says he, "Squire, no doubt this is mighty nice soup, for gentlemen what likes it, but I can't go it, no how."

For my part, I liked it mighty well. Then the waiter boy comes again, and says, "What'll you have, gentlemen?"

Says Ben, "Have you got any pork and baked beens?"

"No, sir," says he, and looked as if he would burst his biler laughing.

"Cod-fish and tatars?" says Ben.

Then the chap laughed out for sure, and all the gentlemen looked round and laughed too; and poor Ben looked all teetotally used up, and little enough to crawl through a knot hole. However, the landlord seeing his trouble, stepped along, and says he, "May be you will take some roast beef, sir?"

"If you please. I only axed for cod fish," says he, "for I never seed any in all my born days, but I have hearn of 'em, and I tho't may be, as how you had some here."

The fact is, Bobkins didn't know what he was saying, he was so confused, seeing all the gentlemen winking and blinking at one another, like the girls in the country used to do when I was a boy, when they got hold of a real greenhorn.

After getting on middling well for a while, Ben spoke to me again, and says he, "Squire, bother me, if the men what keeps this all-fired big tavern ain't Frenchmen, bekase I've heern as how the French folks eats bull-frogs, and I 'bleve them critters on that plate over thar, is nothin' 'pon airth but baked frogs; I wonder how they *do* taste?"

"I don't know, Ben," says I, "you don't suppose I ever eat a bull-frog, do you, Ben? I would just as soon think of eating a tadpole pie."

"Let's ask the Doctor," says Ben, "for he is a larnt man, and knows all about the way they does things, in sich grand taverns as this ere."

So I turns round and whispers to the Doctor, and asks him what sort of critters them was.

"Why, Squire Clodpole, those are nice soft crabs; suppose you take some," said he, polite as a Frenchman, and in a way that showed he was'nt ashamed of such rough company.

"Well, I don't care if I do," says I.

So the Doctor he called one of the black boys, (for there was a heap of them, dressed up nice, with clean white jackets and aprons, and dreadful smart chaps too) and says to him, "Waiter, bring Squire Clodpole some of those soft crabs."

So the fellow flew round mighty quick, and brought them along, and Ben and I both eat some, and found they were right good, after all.

"Says I, "Ben," whispering to him, "when we go home, we'll go down to the branch, below the spring-house, and get some of our

crabs and bring them to market, for I hear they bring a right smart price."

"At length we topped off the dinner with strawberries, ice cream, cherries, and other good knick-knacks, that will make your mouth water again, when I get home and tell you all about it, and the other curious sights I've seen in this great city.

Tommy, tell your mamma I shall stay a week or two here, as I find there is a real good chance to buy marketing—such as butter, eggs, and chickens, to sell again—"huxtering," they call it.

Now, Tommy, don't neglect the corn-patch, the potato-patch, nor the garden truck—and see that the cows and horses are well fed and curried night and morning; and whatever you do, my son, don't let the geese ruin the meadow. Moore soon from your affectionate father.

CHRISTOPHER CLODPOLE.

N. B.—Tommy, be sure and keep the old sow and pigs shut up—so that she can't eat up any more of the chickens. C. C.

Here comes a scrap, very characteristic of the author, and though I do not agree with the Squire in his opinions on this subject, as I am an ardent lover and admirer of classical lore, yet I wish the author to speak for himself.

COLLEGE HUMBUGS.

By Squire Clodpole.

It is an outrageous humbug to compel innocent boys to pour over crabbed Greek and stupid Latin for several years of the most valuable part of their lives. The time thus spent, is vastly worse than wasted with many—digging over and fumbling among the dry bones, dust and corruption of the *dead* languages, and the drunken, licentious literature of the ancient heathens. What young mind can come out of such a scrape uncontaminated? How strange that Christians tolerate—how passing strange that Christian ministers eagerly plunge into such filthy literature, and exert the authority and vast moral influence of their holy profession, to promulgate a system of heathen education among the children of Christian lands. The time wasted by many boys, from seven to ten years—the best in all their life—in loafing over the dead languages and other mummeries, had infinitely better be employed in learning some useful trade, or in farming; nay, a boy had better learn to black boots, chop wood, curry horses, or even saw peg-wood at the halves, tend a guide-board on shares, and catch grass-hoppers to feed chickens with, than to grow up soft-conceited, bombastic pedants, and be literary loafers the rest of their lives, compelled to live on the labors of hard working, honest people, or battle with starvation, inch by inch, a fifth-rate country doctor, pettifogger, demagogue, or poor despised schoolmaster, not fit for a scare-crow in the corn fields of rich, saucy farmers.

Shame on that system of education which sacrifices so many harmless youths in our colleges, poor fellows, sacrificed to glut the foolish pride of their parents, or victims of their own childish, romantic ambition. Only a precious few who enter college—a few only in the

wide world even, become distinguished. But few have the mental power and physical stamina. The great mass must stand back. Men cannot all become Washingtons, Websters, Clays and Jacksons. This is the truth—whether welcome or not to the palates of my readers. Why then are so many youth sent to college, and flattered with the notion of becoming *great* men? Why are they not trained in some course of *useful* education, or in a mechanical trade? The reason is, because we all love to be gulled, and will not believe many wholesome truths till we learn from bitter experience.

Next comes a droll affair, called a

HOGISH INCIDENT.

"Uncle Cris, what upon *airth* have you got in that bag?" said Aunt Betty Martin, as I drove old Dobbin a long by her house."

"Whoh, Dobbin," says I. "What did you say, Aunt Betty."

"I say what *have* you got in that meal-bag, squeeling and jumping about in the wagon so?"

"Nothing but a young pig, one of the real Berkshire breed."

"Where did you buy it?"

"Of neighbor Farmwell, he has raised a heap of 'em."

"What did you give for it?"

"Only ten dollars," says I, looking droll out of the north east corner of my left eye.

"Ten dollars!" said Aunt Betty, opening her eyes wide.

"O my, well, Squire, if you aint did for this time, my name aint Betty Martin, that's all."

"How old is the pig?"

"Two months old."

"Well, Squire, you are generally putty cute at making bargains, but mind what I say, you'll never see that ten dollars back again."

I drove along towards home, and met neighbor Skinflint; a man who would think himself ruined if called upon to pay two dollars for a farming newspaper, and therefore never takes one.

"Morning Squire," says he.

"Good morning, neighbor Skinflint," says I; and then I had to go all through the explanation about the Berkshire pig.

"Congress all Jerusalem, Squire, if you aint a *leetle* the strangest man I ever seed. Ten dollars for a suckin pig. That beats all *natur*. I 'bleve its all speculation, but old Farmwell don't fool me out of no ten dollars, nor nothin of that sort, Squire, so now."

"Neighbor Skinflint," says I, "only look at your *critters* there, that you call hogs; see what sharp snouts, like a pick-axe, what long legs they have, real spindle *shanks*. What slab sides, and thin bodies—why man, it would take three of 'em to make one decent hogshadow. I would'nt have such hungry, starved to death looking anatomies about me. I tell you what, they cost more than they come to Sam. How do you ever expect to make pork of such lean, lank, wolfish looking savages?"

"Squashes and pumpkins—I guess Squire, as how I'll make as

much out on 'em' as you will on your *Barkshire*, you brag so much about, only how."

"Very well, neighbor Skinflint, we shall see about that."

"Yes, Squire, when it rains porridge, I shall get fat—eh?"

After I got home and put my pig in a good pen, I went down to the Post Office to get my paper—the *American Farmer*, in which I had read so much about the *Berkshire* hogs. My neighbors began to quiz me, and make all manner of fun about the ten-dollar pig. I said nothing, but screwed up my eye—put my finger across my nose, and looked *particularly* wise—as much as to say, you can't come it over this *old child*, my friends—mind now and see. When my pig was six months old, I sold him for forty dollars cash; and then the *natives* laughed out of the other side of their faces, at *their own* expense, *not mine*.

Suem,* ruremque, cano. can-e-oh! hic o-re. cur?†

Clodpole Translation.---I sing of hogs, and country life. O! hickory is the stuff for canes and *birchen switches*!

The classical-*ore* to be dug out of the above *mine*, may possibly employ some curious *fool*-osopher, and keep him from studying metaphysics and transcendentalism, which mode of wasting time, talents, energies of body, mind and estate, has become an alarming evil, especially in the land of wooden nutmegs, horn gun-flints, oak-leaf cigars, hickory hams, and other *notions*. In fact, Massachusetts, so spiritedly styled by one of her ablest poets, the "pride of the Old Thirteen," seems to be the great hot-bed of this modern form of sceptical humbuggery, and learned nonsense. See the writings of O. A. Brownson—unquestionably one of the most remarkable men for talents and depth of originality—aye, of what is perhaps still more rare, of whole-souled patriotism, indomitable perseverance, and inextinguishable honesty of purpose. His country should cherish him as one of her brightest gems. But gems and diamonds may sometimes be found in mud and mire. So with the writings of Brownson; many of his brightest jewels of thought, are mixed up among the mud and mire of confused ideas, inanity, incoherence, and philosophy run mad, on a wild goose chase, fishing for the shad of true eloquence, the salmon of poetry, or bobbing for the eels of common sense, in the sloughs and frog ponds of universal scepticism! There now, ye stupid theologians, and self-styled philosophers, with hardly the vitality in your heads, that a cabbage from the Dutchlands of Pennsylvania has, take *that* nut and crack it. Tell me whether it is a hickory-nut, or a Coon's egg, for most likely your heads are so discombobberated by staring so long into the world of *mind*, as you call it, that you can hardly tell beans when the bag is open, but are almost like Hume, ready to believe that every thing is nothing. Go, ye would-be wise-*acres* (you had all better be honestly tilling a few *acres* of solid land, and earning your "bread in the sweat of your face," as the good book teaches us all) go ye itinerating, scribbling loafers, and vaga-

*This is hog latin.

†That's dog latin.

bonds, who ravage and destroy the fair fields of science, religion and common sense, who dupe, gull, delude, and set mankind in commotion, like the stormy waves of old ocean, who disturb the peace of families, terrify their minds, and plunder them of their property, sending doubt, desolation, and despair over the fair portions of Earth; go and read my harmless hog-latin, and these rough remarks, then laugh heartily if you can, and learn wisdom. "*A hearty laugh is sometimes an act of wisdom.*" It shakes the cobwebs out of the brains, promotes digestion, puts a man into a good humor with himself, his family, his neighbors and every body. It makes him look on the bright side of the world and every thing else, and makes him see the various beauties in the blessed rainbow of hope, that glorious arch placed by the hand of Heaven over our dark and sinful world. Go cull the flowers and plants, the gems and jewels of a pure, chaste, health-giving, peace-promoting, refreshing literature, from every source. Pluck the stars from the firmament of poetry and eloquence, if you please; dive deep into the ocean of true science, and bring up the choicest pearls to bless mankind. Soar into the heavens of our holy christianity, portray the path to a blessed immortality, point to the crowns of life, the mansions of rest. Do all this, but forget not that while we are all on this earth, we are *men*, not angels. We draw our existence and our sustenance from the earth. Our bodies must be fed, and kept in vigorous health. This we can, and must do. It is an imperious duty. An opposite course is suicidal. By directing all our efforts to the cultivation of the *mind*, to the neglect of the *body*, we destroy our bodily health, endanger our lives, embarrass the mind, paralyze all its powers, impede its progress in improvement, stupify its perceptions, and of course lose a vast amount of health and happiness that we might enjoy, and, what is of infinitely more import, *eternally lose the time and privilege of doing something* for the good of our race. That time if lost, is gone forever. That something that we *might* have done is undone; it might have had a great influence, perhaps but little, we know not. But this we *do* know. Our duty we ought to have done, whether a matter of small or great importance in our own estimation. If any of us are conscious of having erred widely, of having come vastly short of our duty (and alas! how many of us have *deeply* sinned. O. who can tell that depth of foul iniquity; none indeed, but our own conscience-smitten heart, and God above) let us arouse ourselves to immediate and vigorous action. "Forgetting the things which are behind, let us press forward." Aim at the right object, duty, happiness, and heaven. Go first to the book of all books, that which is styled with emphatic energy, *the book or bible*. Commune with this book, and its infinite Author, with all the earnestness, fervor and confidence that a thinking, rational, accountable being can possibly do. Go secondly, to the great volume of Nature, the book of Creation, wide spread, like a map, inviting all to read. Go again to the treasured archives of science, the recorded thoughts, opinions, sufferings, happiness and deeds of all great and good men. Cull treasures from all the branches of true science. And what is this true science, but the science or knowledge of truth? of all truth

worth knowing? *Science is a record of the facts spread out on the map of the Universe.* Here is a wide field indeed. We cannot range this whole map in this life. Our powers are not competent, our time is too short. When we get to that better land, our powers will be greater. Our great business, in this world is to get there, and show others the way. That great object being obtained, all else is safe. *There* "we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known." "We see now through a glass darkly, but *then*, face to face." Once more. Go forth into this bright and beautiful world, and with a thankful heart, a joyous step, seek pleasure and amusement. Yes, take your fill of rational, harmless, say rather greatly profitable, utilitarian amusement. Go with me to the farm-house. Look round on the broad acres. See vegetation springing up into new life. Take off your coat, sir; yes, you sleek parson, you lazy demagogue, you college man, the professor of moonshine or brass money, and yon tinker in base metals, president of some Bank, forsooth, as you call yourself, you financier and shuffle-jacket of pewter dollars and shin-plasters, public licensed *legal* robber of widows and orphans, you unhung wholesale swindler of estates, "come one, come all," put your hands to the plough, bend your backs to the task of *scraping* an acquaintance with your mother earth, whom you have run from and forsaken. Put yourselves to the task of honest labor, and once at least in your lives, *earn* your bread. Work, sweat, and then *eat*; and you can do it with a zest, a relish you never knew before. Go with me then to my well spread table—see my happy family and cheerful fireside. Go to my little chamber, my study-room, that looks out on my garden, and quiet retired, and well cultivated, but small farm of fifty acres only. Here is my table where I write my famous letters; there is my book-case and library. Here I am happy and satisfied. Now read my droll writings; read that hoggish incident, *hog* latin, disquisition, the sober preachment and all—and then say, speak out in all honesty, in the fullness of your souls (if you have any) and tell me, one and all, the truth, would you not rather be Christopher Clodpole, Farmer, working hard, supporting your families in health, peace and plenty, serving God in quietness and tranquility, than to be cooped up in cities, buried in colleges, or hid up in a bank of rag money, or shin-plasters? Writing stories, tales, jokes, puzzles, riddles, or even dog-latin, is harmless of itself, pleasant, laughable useful. Nay; the writing of jokes and droll things to make angry disputants laugh and grow fat, shake their sides till their ribs quake, and they sweat at the eyes—all this stamps me as a benefactor of my race, in comparison with you fifth-rate fashionable parsons, who preach for money, tickle the delicate ears of rich sinners, when you ought to startle their consciences, and talk in smooth accents to gay ladies, flatter their children, stupify the souls of your flock, but *fleece them well*, and roll in luxurious ease. You put on a long face—whine and cant about the vanities of life, then raise a hubbub among mankind, tyrannize over those who are more humble, holy, and devoted than you ever was—indulge in pride, love of money, ease, unholy ambition and extravagance. You make a great fuss about *Pussyism*—let off a bag of wind and poison gas—

bother the heads of honest people about one blarney and another—high church and low church—bishop and no bishop, and keep up such a continual *cat-erwauling* among well-meaning, straight-forward christians, that I am in fear we shall not hear the last of this growling, grumbling, clapper-clawing and scratching, till Doctor *Pussy*, and some others are demolished, or some other *cat-astrophe* is consummated!

To all angry disputants, whether in Church or State—in literature, science, or philosophy, we may say, very appropriately, in the following Clodpole translation of the question of the great Roman orator, in one of his most powerful speeches,—“How long, O Cat-a-line! will you abuse our patience, insult our common sense, and disturb our peace?” For in all your writings, nearly every line is spiced with the cruelty of the *Cat-o-ninetails*, or some fierce, war-like weapons, bearing a strong analogy to the teeth, claws, and blood thirsty appetite which characterize the whole Tiger tribe, the fit emblem of that war spirit now ravaging the abodes of peace and love, under the name of *Pussyism*, Popery, and other *Isms*.

Here is a short address to “Young Men.”

To young men in these United States.—You are the hope and strength of this nation. It is of infinite importance to your own happiness, to the prosperity of this country and of the whole world, that you prepare yourselves for the duties of manhood, which will soon crowd upon you. Look at the moral corruption of many of our statesmen and public officers for twelve years past. Look at the past extravagance and folly of our people, and our present embarrassments and duties. Will you learn wisdom by these things, and do better? Young farmers—yours is a noble calling. You labor hard, but what of that? Your employment is the best food and medicine in the world for the mind, and the glorious scenes around you in the quiet of the country, are worth more to please the ear, and cheer up one’s spirits, than all the flutes, fiddles, and concerts in town. You can commune with nature in all her majesty and vastness. The wonderful mysteries of her store house, are open to you. Why need you envy the happiness of others, when you have the choicest blessings of heaven, scattered in rich profusion around you. “O happy farmers, if they knew full well, their own peculiar blessings.” Your intercourse with nature is well calculated to promote the cultivation of your minds, especially in connexion with reading and study, for all of which you have ample time, in the long evenings of winter. Improve your minds, stick to your business, glory in it, take a bold independent stand, and exert that influence to which you are entitled. Then you will command that respect you deserve, and drive demagogues and pettifoggers into their own native obscurity.

Young Mechanics!—Come up to the mark and assert your rights. Your ingenuity, skill, and industry, render you one of the most useful class of our citizens. Some of the most distinguished men in all ages have arisen from your ranks. Why should you allow young fops, dandies, and strut-bugs to ride rough-shod over you? Cultivate your minds, and you will honor the profession to which you belong. Hold up your heads, and go-a-head!

CHAPTER VII.

The "*Yankee Schoolmaster's Budget*," being a sort of dessert to the first part of the "*Clodpole Papers*," written at the urgent request of the talented Author, Squire Clodpole, by his friend Timothy Tutorall.

Ladies and gentlemen, the first thing in my "*Budget*," is the narrative and experience of my brother pedagogue, Titus Teachwell, Principal of the Snipestown Academy, in his efforts at authorship. I call this story

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF AUTHORSHIP;—OR DOWNS
AND UPS IN THE LIFE OF AN AUTHOR.

"Well, this seems to be fate of genius in all ages; poetry and *poverty*, stump-speeches and *starvation*, politics and *empty pockets*, demagogues and *duns* seem doomed to go together. But I shall make one more *prodigious* effort, and if I *fail*, i'll just go down East at once, and dig clams at Sagadahoc, or go to Iowa and hunt coons and possums."

Thus soliloquized Titus Teachwell, the schoolmaster, or, in other terms, the pedagogue of Snipestown Academy. Titus had been for a long time pouring over the mysteries of English grammar, and endeavoring to twist conjunctions and adverbs into some sort of simple shape to be comprehended by children. At length he had succeeded in producing a treatise on the subject, that was pronounced by all competent judges to be a first rate thing; a decided improvement on all his predecessors. The trustees of the Academy examined the manuscript; and as the youth had made excellent improvement under Mr. Teachwell, in the said branch of education, they most cheerfully gave him the following strong recommendation:

SNIPESTOWN ACADEMY, *May 15th, 1842.*

This may certify, that Titus Teachwell, Esq. has had charge of this Institution for some years past, during which time his pupils have generally made good progress in their studies, and especially in the department of English grammar and composition. Mr. Teachwell has given much time and attention to that subject, and has prepared a manuscript which we deem valuable. As he intends to publish it, we most cordially recommend the work to teachers and the friends of education, generally, and wish him complete success in the prosecution of his design.

SAMUEL LAWFUL, A. M., *Pres't of the Board of Trustees.*

PETER PENMAN, *Secretary.*"

Titus Teachwell thought most assuredly that any book-seller in the land would look with approbation on any work, recommended as above, and coming from an institution holding so high a rank as the Academy over which he had the honor to be the presiding genius. But he was destined to be most wofully mistaken. In order, however, to advance his project, he called on several experienced teachers and other professional gentlemen to examine his book, and procure their good opinions, if they thought proper to grant them. Among them was the following :

"CLASSICAL INSTITUTE, SCIENCE ST., }
March 21st, 1842. }

Having examined with much care the valuable manuscript of Mr. Teachwell, it affords me much pleasure to add my testimonial of its value, to that of the trustees of the Institution, in which the author has been so successfully engaged in teaching for some years past. The arrangement of the different parts of the work is natural, and easy to be grasped by the pupil. The definitions of the different parts of speech are unusually brief and simple; the various explanations are lucid and comprehensive; the illustrations vivid and attractive; the rules of systax full, precise, and much simplified in diction, signification and length. I shall forthwith, on the publication of the work, introduce it into my school.

ROMULUS ROMANTONGUE, A. M., *Principal of the Institute.*"

"BUSTLETOWN, June 22, 1842.

We, the undersigned, professional teachers in this city, having examined Mr. Teachwell's Grammar, coincide in the opinions above expressed, and cheerfully add our names to that of Mr. Romantongue.

GEORGE GREEKHARD, A. B., *Classical Tutor.*

ANDREW ALGEBRA, A. M., *Mathematical Teacher.*

PHILEMON PHILOSOPHY, L. L. D., *Prof. of Nat. Sciences."*

Mr. Teachwell related to me the following incident:—

"There was a teacher in the city of Bustletown, who by some sort of hocus-pocus, had made a great deal of money out of the good people, by a sly, secret kind of fashionable humbuggery. By fitting up a large establishment with costly fixtures, and a glittering display of apparatus, kept for show, rather than use, he gulled the rich fathers and fashionable mothers who visited the place, and by a wonderful foxy *tact*, rather than by talent and energy, he drummed up a great school, at enormous prices. This man held no sort of communion with other teachers. He was shunned by every one—and all other teachers shunned him. He was a double-refined Yankee; slick, sharp, shrewd and sly, with more of the snake and fox, than of the boldness and dignity of the lion. I called on this *gentleman*. After looking at my book and the certificates above, he said, "Mr. Teachwell, I would not give you a *snip* for your book or your recommendations." At the same time giving his finger a twirl, and suiting the action to the word. This chap's name was Hiram Humbug."

Titus Téachwell, Esq., who happened that day to come to town in a market wagon with old Christopher Clodpole, now thought it about

time to call on the book-sellers, and make some arrangement for publishing his book. Accordingly he went into a fine looking place on the great thoroughfare of the city, where literature is piled up and sold by the cart-load.

"Good morning, sir," says he to a pert young fellow, who stood there starched *up*, and strapped *down*. "Do you ever print and publish books here?"

"Sometimes we do, and sometimes we don't," says he.

"I have a grammar which I wish to get published, sir."

"Eh! a grammar?"

"Yes, sir."

"You don't think to beat Murray and Kirkham, do you, mister?"

At this juncture my friend, Mr. Teachwell, felt his dignity insulted, and took himself off directly. I will give what follows in his own language.

"Just as I passed out of the book-store, I heard one of the young men say to another, 'That clown talk about publishing a book. I saw the fellow get out of old Clodpole's market wagon this very morning. He need'nt think to come the scientifics over us city gents, with his adverbs, confunctions and distractions.'

"Then I heard a great laugh and titteration among the young squirts and flaunting belles that happened to be there. Well, thinks I, what a set of boobies these young clerks, or young partners in business perhaps, are. What a set of mules some of them must be. I then called on every bookseller in the city, and was treated very coldly. I suppose they thought I was a poor, half-starved author, and it seemed as if they were all under a conspiracy to starve me the other half. That was not exactly the fact, however, for the income of my school gave me a comfortable support, though I was unable to publish my book. Faint, weary and disgusted with three days' fruitless efforts, I plodded my way back to my lodgings.

"The next morning, after having the night-mare, and dreaming about cart-loads of grammars, and swarms of rich, hard-faced booksellers, poor authors, noble, generous souled *literary* men, etc., I found myself once more wide awake. When I came down to breakfast, a letter was handed to me, which was brought with the morning paper by the carrier, from the publisher—the enterprizing, wholesale publisher of the Bustletown Morning Herald. On opening the letter, I read as follows:

"*My Dear Sir*,—Although I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, which I hope soon to have, I have still some knowledge of your character as an author and public instructor. I have heard with regret and disgust the little interest our publishers take in your book. Although I am not engaged yet in the book business, I intend soon to commence. If you have not yet made any satisfactory arrangement, I will take your manuscript and publish the work for you.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

PETER PUSHAHEAD.

To **TITUS TEACHWELL, Esq.**, at the Eagle Hotel, Busy Street.'

"When I read this letter, I felt the thermometer of my intellectual dignity and manly importance rise, at least one hundred and fifty degrees. I turned round, looked into the glass, brushed up my hair, and found my ideality decidedly booming up; in fact, I felt slick, and looked *slicker*. I brushed my coat, strapped down my pants, and all that sort of thing, and started off to see my publisher. We soon made a bargain; my book was published, printed, and by men of sense puffed, but picked at and habber-jacked by small potatoe critics in the employ of other publishers. But all to no purpose—my book went ahead like a locomotive, and spread like wild-fire. My publisher has made money out of it, and so have I. It makes me think of what the loafer said,—'*but genus ris.*' 'Ah,' says I to myself, 'make hay while the sun shines—your time has come at last.'

"I have since written an arithmetic, which is going ahead too, and I now writing a geography, which I expect will beat Davy Crockett Peter Parley, and the whole squad.

"The other day I went into the store where the young man treated me so rudely. He hung down his head and looked sheepish. The book-sellers now bow and scrape to me as I walk the streets; but it's all no use. The way my publisher is making money in selling my books, is gall and wormwood to them. Now I can hold up my head in the world. I get toasted—invited to good dinners—bowed to by the ladies, and puffed in the newspapers."

"Well," says I, "friend Teachwell, I ain glad to hear of your good luck; but I am afraid some of the rest of us teachers and authors will have to *dig clams*, or *grub briars* yet, before we do as well you have done, unless our book-sellers have more of the go-ahead!"

Then comes a scrap, called

LIFE AND TIMES IN THE BACK-WOODS DOWN EAST.

When I first went into the new country to teach, my father told me that my fare though plain, would be substantial, and tolerably good, but that my lodging would be rather coarse. And so I found it. I generally got enough to eat, of common, plain food, such as beef, pork, potatoes, and *baked beans*, bread and milk, and sometimes *pumpkin pie*, as a dessert. It was a common thing for the whole family to eat bread-and-milk, or *hasty-pudding* and milk for supper. Let me here remark, that what the Yankees call hasty-pudding, is called *mush*, at the South. The milk was generally well skimmed, to save the cream for making butter, so that instead of being rich and yellow, it was *blue as a leather whetstone*. I was not always so fortunate as to get *hasty-pudding* even, for supper. One time in the fall of the year, when beech-nuts were plenty, on Saturday afternoon, one of the boys went to mill to get some corn ground, to make hasty pudding for supper. We sat round the fire, as night came on, munching beech-nuts—parents, pupils and pedagogue, all in company. Time passed on, and no boy came from the mill, and no supper made its appearance. There we sat, talking, and cracking beech-nuts, till a late hour, when friend Spriggins says to me, "Timothy, did you ever go without your

supper?" I have forgotten what answer I made him at the time, but I well recollect that we all went supperless to bed *that time*, after sitting up till a late hour. During the night the boy came home from the mill, and the next morning we got plenty of mush and milk for breakfast.

Here comes a story called

LOST IN THE WOODS; OR THE WIDOW'S SON.

A tale of woe and mystery.

In the town of H. on the Penobscot river, there lived a widow who was very poor indeed. The main dependence of her family was her son, a young man eighteen or twenty years of age. He was a hard working, worthy youth. He hired himself out among the neighbors as a day laborer, and thus helped his poor mother support her family. John Delano worked hard, and was poorly clothed. In a few years however, John began to improve in his affairs. He was able to dress himself better than usual, and attend school at the Academy, where, besides other studies, he made excellent improvement in learning the art of surveying. John was a very quick witted youth. I will give some specimens of his mental peculiarities.

When he accidentally hurt himself, and some one would say, "John have you hurt yourself?" "Yes," said he, "hurt my *feelings*."

One time when John was helping some of the neighbors to plant potatoes, the boy whose business it was to drop them in the hills, put some on a stone that came in his way. John was following with his hoe to cover them up. When he came to those dropped on a stone, as quick as wink he caught up a flat stone and clapped over them.

When he had acquired a good knowledge of surveying, he obtained employment at the business of surveying land in the forests of Maine, under Gen. Irish, who was at the head of the business. The poor fellow now had more profitable employment than ever, was generally esteemed for his industrious habits, and good character, and seemed in a fair way to rise in the world, and better his condition. He was said to be quite a favorite with Gen. Irish, and that he had a good prospect of being promoted to some subordinate office in the business. It was also said that the person who held the office, under Gen. Irish, was jealous of being superseded by Delano.

It was in the summer of 1825, that John was thus employed. The black flies and musketoos were very troublesome in the woods. When Delano wrote home to some of his friends, he told them of the attack made on their company by the armies of Gen. Black-fly, and Colonel Musketo. One day a very strange message came from the party in the woods. One of the men came and inquired if Delano had come home, and found that he had not. He then stated that one day while the party were engaged in surveying, Delano complained of being sick—that accordingly he started to go back to their camp, where he could take care of himself, and be more comfortable; that when the men all returned to the camp Delano could not be found; that search had been made, but all in vain. He said a tin dipper was

found by a spring or stream, which belonged to Delano, and was used to drink from.

This strange account from the messenger—the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the young man—the fruitless search, and all the attendant circumstances, alarmed his friends and neighbors greatly, and gave rise to a thousand conjectures. It was rationally supposed that the young man, being sick, could not have wandered *far* out of the way; for if he had become faint and weary, he would stop to rest, or supposing his illness had even increased so rapidly as to cause his death, the poor fellow could not have wandered far, and either men or dogs could have found him, whether dead or alive.

His neighbors and friends took a great interest in his behalf, raised a large company who went with dogs and trumpets, and scoured the forest, but all in vain! Then some Indians were employed with their dogs, that were considered sagacious animals, and particularly useful in the woods, but their efforts were all in vain! There was a rumor that the person who was jealous of being superseded by Delano—or perhaps I should rather say, a suspicion propagated that this person had put him out the way—caused his death some how. But the question comes up, how could this have been done, and the whole party not know it?—or could the unfortunate young man have been killed and hastily buried in *warm weather*, beyond the search or scent of dogs and men? These questions were all of an afflicting and agonizing character to his friends. For months afterward, reports came that he had been found; that he had wandered to a distant part of the country, but was now safe and coming home, but alas! he never came, and all was enveloped in gloom and mystery.

It is readily supposed that all these troubles; the reports of his coming home; the cruel suspense; must have been heart-rending to his poor widowed mother. O, what pen can tell her woes?

A young man who lived in H., a former acquaintance and friend of the person who was said to be jealous of Delano, wrote him a letter in a friendly way, and told him of the suspicions and rumours that were afloat, that it was feared he had been the cause of the death of the young man Delano. This letter was never answered; the person moved off to a distant part of the world, and the whole affair remains enveloped in impenetrable gloom and mystery to this day, and perhaps will till that great day, when the secrets of all human hearts shall be spread out in dread array before an assembled universe. Then shall the long-lost, forgotten son of the poor, destitute widow, reveal his tale of woe, and receive at the hands of infinite love and mercy, that joy and felicity, for which he toiled through the paths of virtue and industry in this world of trouble, and which he left in a cloud of dark affliction and solemn mystery!

Then come several scraps called "*The Boarding School Dunce, and her silly Mother;*" "*Dignity in School;*" and "*Schoolmaster Humbugs.*"

A BOARDING SCHOOL DUNCE, AND HER SILLY MOTHER.

"Lor me, Miss Gad-about, you can't think what a wonderful heap o' larnin my dear Angelina Rosetta has got, stowed away in her blessed little knowledge box, as the free-nolle-gists say. Why now, the dear girl has been to Mrs. Gullemall's *skewle* this three long 'ears, and has cost me *tew* hundred dollars ev'ry single 'ear. She can count the stars; the per-fessurs call that the science of moon-shine, *I b'leve*. She knows all about *skim*-istry, *fool*-osophy, *jog*-rify, and humbug-ollergy. I 'spose that means the nattermy of bugs and hum-birds!"

Miss Angelina Rosetta Snipsnap, whose mother was a fashionable, vain woman, was herself, a dull, stupid girl. After fooling away her time, for some years, and spending Pa's money rather freely, her *head*-ication was pronounced finished by her mother. Then she was duly *brought out*, and turned loose, "to catch a husband!" But it was all no *go*. She was a dead set, a real choke-pear. Neither Pa's money, nor mother's pride, rings, gold watches, or parties, could do any thing for her. She was a *drug* in the market. So after spinning street-yarn, and gossiping about for two years, to no purpose, she eloped from her father's house at midnight, with a *genteel* drunken gambler, and got married! In three years her miserable husband filled a drunkard's grave, and she returned to her father's house, a widow.

Ye rich, indulgent fathers, and proud, extravagant mothers, will you ever learn wisdom, by the example of ruined youth, who, by thousands are slaughtered annually in all great cities, a cruel sacrifice to the love of the world, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; or will *you* too victimize your innocent offspring!

DIGNITY IN SCHOOL.

Teachers are told that they must maintain a proper dignity before their pupils; this no one will deny. But the question comes up, what *is* dignity? The gravity of the judge on his bench; the solemnity of the christian minister in the pulpit; the noble bearing of the military chieftain; the lofty demeanor of a governor, president, king, or emperor, are all very proper in their places. Yet who would think of obliging a teacher to observe the same carriage and conduct, in daily intercourse with his pupils, as we expect to see in the above named dignitaries? It is all *fudge* to require any such thing. What we have reason to expect of a Schoolmaster is, neither more nor less than schoolmaster dignity. He has to do with *children*, of course he must act accordingly. It is proper for him to have something of the solemnity of the preacher, the gravity of the judge, and the austerity of the general; but with these must be mingled the mildness and pleasantry of a *familiar* friend. To possess these ingredients of moral and intellectual character in due quantity and proportion, is certainly a desirable and somewhat rare attainment. Wit, humor, vivacity in conversation, anecdote and sprightly narrative, are not inconsistent with

schoolmaster dignity, and have an influence on young minds, when judiciously exercised, of course.

SCHOOLMASTER HUMBUGS.

One of the literary humbugs of this great country, is the habit of calling schools and academies any thing else but schools. Here we have the Snook street Institute, with a flaming sign, and *very* flaming advertisement, in which we are told, in a long-faced manner, (while the humbugger is all the time laughing in his sleeve,) that all the *graphies* and *ologies* will be taught in the most scientific manner! *Mirabile dictu!* What people of common sense want for their children, is plain things taught in a plain, common sense way. The labors of a faithful and honest teacher are useful, in making dark things plain to the mind of his pupil. But the great object with some teachers, seems to be to dazzle the minds of their patrons and pupils with a gorgeous display of fixtures and costly apparatus—and to throw dust in their eyes, by the use of pedantic and bombastic language, instead of shedding light on their minds, by the use of simple words. And what is this done for? To gull the good natured, generous people of Baltimore, out of their money—not to benefit their children.

Then comes "*A Serious Incident*," the "*Atheist*," and "*A Steamboat Adventure*."

At an academy in New England, situated near the banks of a noble river, were a large number of pupils one pleasant summer, among whom were two little brothers, only sons of a preacher, one of the most affectionate of fathers. Near the academy was a beautiful grove, where the boys and young men frequently resorted in warm weather, to get a drink from the spring. They also went to the river at noon time to bathe—or as it was called to go in a swimming. The preacher had peremptorily forbid his boys going into the water. But contrary to parental instruction, they went one noon with the rest. The boys and young men went in to swim, and some of them had come out, while others were still at play in the water, and among the rest, the younger son of the preacher, who had wafted beyond his depth, and was in peril. One youth called out, "John, your brother is drowning!" At this critical moment, a strong young man plunged into the river with his clothes on, and pulled the boy out, and thus saved his life. For some days after this, the little brothers suffered much from conscious guilt and disobedience, particularly the elder, who was the most guilty, while they had reason to rejoice in the safe escape they had made from imminent danger. During these few days, the elder brother felt like a self-condemned criminal, dreading every moment that the news would come to the ears of his godly father, whom he had wickedly disobeyed, and periled the life of his only brother. He strove, in contest with his own guilty heart, to be uncommonly cheerful, and as his pious mother observed to him was very light and trifling in his conduct. Every look—every word—every movement of the father was watched with dread, lest the discovery

should be made, till some time passed away, and they hoped the secret was buried. One evening the good father came home, and sat down with his little sons, and as was usual with him, commenced some familiar conversation with them on their studies, though in an unusually solemn and thoughtful manner. He asked them numerous questions on grammar, which they answered with promptness and fluency; he also gave them some difficult words or sentences to parse. At length coming to a solemn pause, he said, "I have a subject of a very different description to parse—how do you think we would have felt, if one of you had been brought home drowned the other day!" The brothers were astounded with shame and sorrow, while their dear father depicted the grief of the family, and the loneliness of the surviving brother, stung with perpetual guilt, had the other been brought home dead! The next day, the father, as in solemn duty bound, took his two sons away alone, and chastised them for their disobedience, while he wept as if his heart would burst with grief, while he thought, had not the unseen hand of Providence rescued his boy from an untimely death, he might that moment have been bending over his lifeless body, his soul wrung with agony and unavailing regret. He prayed with and for them, while they were humbled and subdued. They loved him tenderly, and were heartily sorry for their wickedness. It was the last time he chastised them. The pious father is now in heaven; the sons are grown up to manhood, trying to imitate the example of their earliest, best earthly friend, while they cherish his image in their hearts with holy veneration.

THE ATHEIST.

Mr. R. was an open, undisguised *atheist*. Most of the incidents here recorded, came under my own observation. R. once called on a neighbor to make a coffin for one of his children who had died. Said he, "I have planted *one* and now I am going to plant *another*." A man once said to me, I have been to sea nine years, and have heard much wicked language, but never heard any one talk so bad as R. does. R's. house was near the church, on the east side of the river. One day being on the west side of the river, a man asked him where he lived. He pointed across the river to the church, and said, "Do you see that large house?" Yes. "Well, that is God's house, and the other house near it is my house; but there is no communication between us." In speaking of the Deity, he would say, "I know nothing about him—I don't know the gentleman." In speaking of the immortality of the soul, and a future state of existence, he said—"No—when we die, that will be the last of us, just like blowing out a candle." R. was intemperate, as well as a profane scoffer. His sister was a pious devoted woman. She once said to a minister of the gospel, there is only one person on earth of whose salvation I have no hope—and that is my brother. One Saturday night R. was on the west side of the river, where he had been at work that week, and started to cross the river and go home. As he was intoxicated at the time, some one told him he had better not attempt to go. He replied, "I will go to-night, *or warm my feet in hell!*" He made the attempt,

fell into the water, and was drowned!! "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

A STEAMBOAT INCIDENT.

The day was dark and somewhat gloomy. The noble vessel laid strongly lashed to the wharf, instead of being on her passage to the destined port. A heavy south east wind wrought up the face of the sea, and dashed her foaming billows into the harbor, and rolled about the various craft lying at anchor. Evening approached; night came on; and all without was stormy. The company were seated in the cabin, trying to enjoy themselves as well as they could, when one of the number said he thought it best to have prayer. The suggestion took well. A chairman was immediately appointed, and a committee chosen to make arrangements for the evening exercises, of which the gentleman who first made the proposal was one. They retired, and returned, announcing the following order of exercises; that they would sing, have a religious address from a young man named, and close with prayer. The plan was adopted, the exercises performed; and doubtless the serious minded enjoyed them. But alas! it was afterwards known that he who made the proposition, did it for sport.

Here is a conversation between Parson Meanwell and myself, about "Education;" and a scrap about Kirkham's Grammar.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN REV. MR. MEANWELL, AND TIMOTHY TUTORALL, THE SCHOOLMASTER.

"Brother Tutorall I am astonished at much of your conduct as a teacher. You profess to be a christian; how then can you with any sort of consistency, read such books as the writings of Sam Slick, and Charles Dickens? I consider it also highly improper for you to write such foolish nonsensical stories as you do, and read them to your scholars, as I am told you are in the constant habit of doing. You also encourage your pupils to write composition full of laughable nonsense. I cannot approve of your pitching quoits with your pupils, and mingling with them in other amusements. How do these things accord with the dignity of character which a teacher should observe before his pupils?"

"I am very glad, my dear sir, that you have introduced this subject, as it will give me a fair opportunity of expressing my opinion, and vindicating my conduct. Tell me sir, have not your boys made good improvement in their studies, since they have been under my instruction?"

"Yes; they certainly have, much to my satisfaction; and it is because I esteem you so highly as a teacher, and have a sincere regard for your reputation and usefulness, that I mention these things to you."

"Well, have not your boys also been pleased with their school, interested in their studies and enjoyed good health?"

"Yes; they have."

"Now sir, my object is, to accomplish these very results. I con-

sider them of no small importance. In the first place, when boys are put to close and hard study, they will become weary and disgusted with their lessons, unless they have some relaxation and variety of exercises. For this purpose I occasionally amuse them with some story or lively anecdote. Sometimes I write a tale or sketch, and read it to my pupils. This teaches them how to write composition. In this way I keep them in good humor, please them, make the school room an interesting place, and give their young minds that playful exercise, and agreeable variety which tends to keep their powers of body and mind in a lively, vigorous state. For the same reason, and for the promotion of health, I go out with them to their play grounds, and pitch quoits with them. So far from feeling that I am wrong in this, I think it not only promotes their health of body and mind, but good morals also. Boys *will* play---it is natural and right for them to do so. You will not of course object to this yourself. When a teacher mingles with his pupils as a friend in all their exercises and amusements, they will be restrained by his presence from saying and doing many improper things which they would be apt to do in his absence. I also need active exercise, and mental relaxation, as much as my pupils do."

"Well, brother Tutorall, I expect, on the whole, you are about right, though people will talk about these things, and have different opinions. Few think as you do on the subject."

ENGLISH GRAMMARS.

Murray's English Grammar is the orthodox standard as a text book, and has been justly regarded by scholars and critics as a good book, for a long time. Of late years, various authorlings have flooded this country with a host of trash in the shape of *Grammar Books*, which, like an army of locusts, threaten to desolate every thing before them. We must say that next to Murray's Grammar, Kirkham's is the best. Indeed we are by no means sure, that the labors of our American author, Kirkham, have not vastly exceeded those of Murray. We like Kirkham's Grammar, because he has had the good sense to follow in the wake of Murray and other true Grammarians, sound headed critics and philologists from time immemorial. We are also exceedingly gratified that the author has met with an extensive patronage in this country, especially in the great South and West. The notion which has been too prevalent in the middle, southern and western States, that all our School books must come from the North and East, has greatly tended to inflate the already well developed organ of self-esteem in our brethren of that section. Kirkham's Grammar is evidence that a good book can be made south of "Mason's and Dixon's line." As no one has come up to the task to defend Murray, Kirkham, and their legitimate followers from the army of locusts before alluded to, we have written this short notice.

CHAPTER VIII.

And last—Containing the winding up of the whole concern. As I am now acting as editor for Squire Clodpole, I will here insert his second preface, which I find he left here in the drawer carefully rolled up by itself, and tied up with a tow string.

A DROLL KIND OF PREFACE.

Whoever has read Sam Slick in England, or the *Attar-Shay*, (I think that is the way the French *parley-voos* pronounce that word) whoever has read that last account of the Yankee Clockmaker, and what monkey-shines he cut up in old England, will find in the winding up the *clock*, what Sam calls an Irish preface. Now I am not going to imitate Sam Slick, Thomas Poker, Esq., or even the wonderful Boz, tho' it has already been very strongly hinted to me that I was playing the very "*Dickens*" among the fashionables in this great city of Baltimore, and that if I didn't put out in a hurry for home, to see Aunt Polly and the children, the genteel loafers and vagabonds, boarding house suckers, sneaks, squirts, shirks, and shuffle-jackets, would have me soused into a hogshhead of butter-milk, roll me over in flour, and drum me out of town. All I have to say to that squad of nuisances—the white-livered, chicken-hearted set of snappish curs, who snarl and bark, but have no pluck to bite, is—come on with your dye-stuff, rotten eggs, tar and feathers, and all—I am ready for you. I shall grab them by their *long ears*, duck them at the first pump, hold them till I *spout* a cold-water speech to them, and let them go to the watch house for further orders. Well, I set out to make up a new sort of preface, a sort of yoke-fellow to the one in the first part of my book, that will pull together in regular order, like my two good horses, old Dobbin Gray and Long Shanks. I feel a strong propensity to make an earnest appeal to the generosity of the fair sex, in behalf of my book; but as I am rather a modest man withal, it makes me choke and hesitate a little at the idea of divulging family affairs, which I shall have to do, and then Aunt Polly and my sweet daughter Mary will feel hurt maybe at my making so bold, without consulting them. For I take it no good husband and father, who has a sensible affectionate wife, as I have, and lovely children too, will ever undertake any business of importance which deeply concerns his family as much as himself, without consulting his wife's judgment, and his children's wishes and feelings, if they are old enough to have some tolerable idea of the matter. Well then, as I am now writing this last part of my book here in the city away from home, trusting to the goodness of my cause, I will just take the responsibility this time of saying my say—so

to the fair ladies of the Monumental city and elsewhere, and run the risk of getting my head combed, and a curtain lecture about it when I get home, for I reckon Aunt Polly will be so glad to see this old codger that I expect she will think nothing about curtain lectures for three days at least, and by that time it will be all blown over and forgotten; or if she should happen to call it up, I can just say as children do when they get into a scrape—"O marm, that was done a good while ago." I am going a-head now, to talk out above board; and tell the honest truth in my own homely, old fashioned way. I have six good children—two boys and four nice, plump, hearty, industrious girls. Well, last year some time, William Wagoner, a bluff, honest, hard-working young man, up in our diggins, took a notion to fall in love with my oldest daughter, our sweet, cherry-lipped, bright eyed Mary. So after shinning round for some time, so that I thought there was something in the wind—Bill pops the question plump to the girl, and then pops it to me and Aunt Polly; says I, "my boy, I like you well enough—make up your mind right—be sure—then go a-head like Davy Crockett." So Mary goes to work to get ready for making Bill comfortable and happy. He has been industrious and sober, and has saved some money; he has bought a small farm of thirty acres, with a snug house on it, and paid one half. Last fall I gave Mary a good cow, and this spring the poor brute wandered down into the swamp, got mired and lost. We looked for her a week in vain. At last she was found dead. Poor Mary is in a heap of trouble about it, as she meant to give Bill her hand and heart this spring, and she wanted old Mully, the brindle cow, to furnish her with milk, cream, and butter, so that she and Bill could have mush and milk as often as they pleased. My taxes have pushed me rather hard, as I go the entire swine against all repudiation and swindling, and dishonesty of every kind, and I have taken my leisure hours for some time past, in writing this book, that if it sells well, I may buy my daughter another good cow. Now ladies, you have the whole story. If you buy this book, you will cheer up my old heart, call down Aunt Polly's blessing, and make my lovely daughter delighted and happy. So mote it be!

Ben, drive down a chesnut stake here, and stop till we take breath!

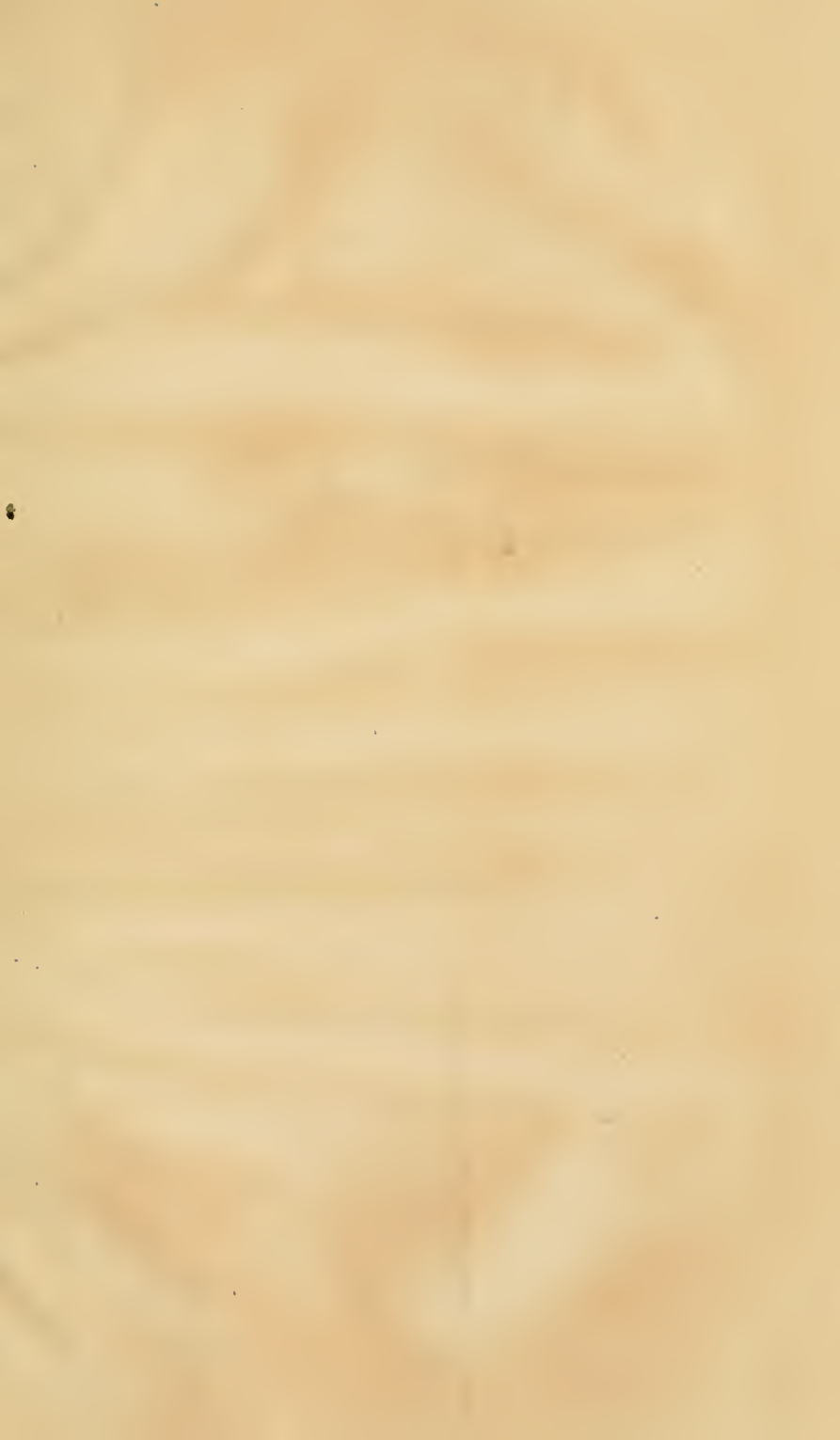
CRISTOPHER CLODPOLE, *Farmer.*

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL!

My kind-hearted reader—fellow-countryman, or fellow man, of whatever clime, color or condition—I thank you heartily for following me through these pages, and hope our journey together may do us good, and be remembered with pleasure. I have labored to convey some wholesome truths in politics, religion, literature and the pursuit of business and human happiness, under the guise of a quaint and humorous style, and some in a more serious vein. The love of man, the fear of God and a sense of duty, have impelled me. I honestly confess too, that ambition, a patriotic, warm desire, an unquenchable thirst for moral and intellectual excellence; a hope to help build up a nation's literature, has ever fired my soul, and nerved my pen, in all

past time, since first I roved, an innocent child, a happy school boy, in the woods and fields of Maine; climbed its rough hills, tumbled in its snow banks, and braved its cold but healthy north winds. I plead guilty to *such* a charge, in all its force, and will bide the test. And now in the ardent hope that this mite, thrown into the tide of native literature, may contribute at least a pebble, if not a diamond to the cabinet of letters, to please the lovers thereof, the author will drop into his own humble sphere, a blessed obscurity, and praying that the winds of charity and benevolence may blow away the chaff and husks of his book, and leave the good seed in some fruitful soil of human breasts, that shall "bring forth some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold;" he now takes his reader by the hand, and bids him an affectionate farewell!

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."---*Bible*.





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